

п v. angl. 280.

THE
O.A. L.
COLLECTION
OF

Excellent New Ballads
New and Old

Vol. Collection, 1812



L. B. H. D. O. N.
Printed in the Year 1812

Bell. lett. angl.

p. 17.

A Pill to purge State-Melancholy:
O R, A
COLLECTION
O F
Excellent New Ballads.

*A Ballad to their Merit may
Most justly then belong;
For why, they've given all away
To Lewis for a Song.*

Vid. Collection, p. 127.



L O N D O N,
Printed in the Year M. DCC. XV.





T H E

Publisher's P R E F A C E.

A Book without a Preface or Introduction, may be said to resemble all these old-fashion'd Similitudes : It looks like a Face without a Nose, like a Dial without a Gnomon, a Church without a Porch, an Upper Floor without a Balcony, an Antient Lady without her Spruce Gentleman-Usher, a Kitchen without a Cook, a Cellar without a Butler ; and which is not old, it is like the late Lord Treasurer's Gate without Read the Porter to let you in.

In plain English, The World is made up of an odd Set of Formal Fellows, with whom if you design to succeed, you must use abundance of Ceremony. A Man must be acquainted with the Persons he is to meet, before you shou'd venture to bring him into their Company ; and you must give him a Hint of their Humours, before he can enter into any sort of Conversation with them. It is upon this account, that my Curious or Courteous Reader meets with this short Preface ; the Use of which is, to bring him acquainted with those merry facetious Companions,

nions, the Ballads, that follow after : with whom he is invited to spend some of his leisure Hours.

This Introduction may therefore very naturally be compar'd to a Bishop's Verger, who goes before his Master to remove all that stand in the way, that the Prelate, who is behind, may pass with the more Ease and Respect.

There is a sort of Animal, who with long Attendance at the inside of a Counter, where he has been Master of no one Science but Arithmetick, has by the scraping together abundance of Mony, lost the Sense of all other Amusements ; such an one I don't expect shou'd befriend me upon this occasion. Horace has given his Character at full length in his *Ars Poetica* :

Romani Pueri longis rationibus affem
Discunt in partes centum diducere : dicat
Filius Albini, si de quincunce remota est
Uncia, quid superat ? poteras dixisse, triens : eu,
Rem poteris servare tuam. Redit uncia ; quid fit ?
Semis. At hæc Animos ærugo & cura Peculî
Cum semel imbuerit, speramus Carmina fingi
Posse, &c.

Vers. 325.

From a Man like this, I hope for no manner of Aid or Encouragement. No ! He will look with Indignation upon a Pocket Volume of Songs ; and perhaps declare, that if he must have a Book to carry about with him, there is none so necessary as Castaigne's Interest-Table.

There is another sort of Creature whom I am more afraid of, and that is the Grave Old Pedant, whose Beard has outgrown his Understanding, and whose Nose has long
groan'd

groan d under the Weight of a heavy Pair of Spectacles ;
 one who by long poring in Volumes of Dulness and Reams of
 Nonsense, has acquir'd a Taste for them and nothing else.
 Such a Man will with great warmth protest against giving
 away his Mony for a Song. " When there are, says he, so
 " many noble Treatises full of sound Erudition already pub-
 " lish'd to the World, who can expect that a Man can
 " spare any of his Mony for a Piece, so trifling and super-
 " ficial as a Collection of Ballads ? For, continues he, if
 " my Mind lies towards Learning, and I wou'd divert
 " my self among Books, who can imagine that I shou'd
 " throw away my Time upon Dittys, as long as there are
 " such copious, correct, and useful Historys, as Rabelais's
 " Garagantua, Dr. Brady's Introduction to the English H-
 " story, the Renown'd History of the Seven Champions of
 " Christendom, Mr. Collier's Ecclesiastical History, and
 " that worthy Gentleman Mr. Bromley's History of his
 " Travels ? As long as there are such able Divines, as
 " the Author, or at least Publisher, of the Peace at U-
 " trecht ; the Author of the Tale of a Tub, and the
 " Project for the Advancement of Religion ; Mr. Hobbes,
 " Dr. Welton, and the never-to-be-forgotten Dr. Sache-
 " verell ; and as long as there are such wise and pene-
 " trating Politicians, as Dr. Hickes, Mr. Lesley, Mr. Bed-
 " ford, John Dyer, Mr. Toby, Mr. Examiner, Abel Ro-
 " per, Mr. Monitor, Daniel de Foe, and Mr. Dennis :
 " as long, says he, as there are such Authors in Divinity,
 " Morality, and Politicks, as these ; who can forsake the
 " Protection and Maintenance of them, to encourage a
 " trifling Ballad-singer ? "

After the Objections which I have here set down against my Undertaking, I hope my Reader will be so courteous, as to permit me to stop the mouths of my Antagonists, by a word or two, which I shall here say in honour of Ballads.

Homer, the first and best of all the Poets, if we will give credit to the most antient Historians, was himself but an old blind Ballad-singer: His Iliads, which are very justly admir'd by all the Sons and Daughters of Parnassus, and claim an undoubted Precedence of all Poems, were no other than several Ballads, which the old Bard compos'd and sung to the Quality of Greece for his Livelihood; much in the manner that Mr. D'Urfey, that quaint Lyrick, chaunts his Excellent New Songs to the Quality of Great Britain: but with this difference, that the latter seems to have more of the Comick Spirit than his Great Predecessor. And here I shou'd be highly to blame, cou'd I neglect so fair an opportunity of informing my Reader, that in this Collection of mine he will meet with some Ballads of this Gentleman's composing; which will afford him no small Entertainment in the Reading, but infinitely more, if he can but procure the Author, with his usual Air and Life, to sing them to him. For this may be safely said of all Mr. D'Urfey's Airs, That many People might write them, but no body cou'd humour them like himself.

And so begging pardon for this Digression, I come to a second Instance of an Eminent Ballad-singer among the Antients: And that is the famous Virgil. To pass by his Eclogues, which are profess'd Songs for his Shepherds to sing; and his Georgicks, which are plainly the Ploughman's Dittys; his Aeneids, which he wrote in imitation

of Homer's Iliads, were certainly nothing else but half a score Ballads for the use of the Roman Youth. Nay, to put this out of all doubt, he begins his Work with

Arma Virumque cano, &c.

Which our Ingenious Countryman has very faithfully and elegantly translated thus :

I sing the Man, read it who list,
A Trojan true, as ever pils'd, &c.

To proceed farther, Horace's five Books of Odes are allow'd by all good Judges, the Learned Hyper-Critick Dr. Bentley only excepted, to be so many pretty Songs compos'd by him on the Times ; and differ from our Collection in this, that they are most of them on the Panegyrick, and ours on the Satire. Had I a mind to enlarge in this Vindication of the Honour and Antiquity of Ballads, I might ask you, what Martial's Epigrams were but Catches, or Theocritus's Idylliums, so famous for their Softness, but Love-Sonnets ? After this, who would be asham'd of Publishing a Collection of Ballads ?

It is indeed, if I may so far assume the Stile of a Judge, a Species of Poetry, in which the English seem at present to excel all other Nations : and why there shou'd not be a Collection of Ballads, as well as of State-Poems, Love-Letters, Elegys, &c. I cannot see.

There remains but one thing more to be said in behalf of this Collection, which is, that these sort of Songs have often been of the greatest use. An Instance of this we had at
the

the late Glorious Revolution, in Lilli-bo-lero; which so perfectly struck in with the Humour of the People, that we feel some of the happy Consequences of it to this very day. And as that Ballad was highly instrumental in singing out a Bad Monarch, so many of these have been as successful in singing out a Bad M——r.

Shou'd any Reader be desirous to know, why, of all times, I shou'd have chosen to put out my Ballads now; I have but this short Answer to give him: I was afraid, unless I made haste, that some Great Men wou'd die out of my way, and by that means my Satires wou'd lose half their Poinancy. For Wit in that respect, is like a Flea, which never bites a Man but while he has Blood in his Body.

Having said thus much to justify my self in this Undertaking, I shall not concern my self about any farther Objections or Censures, nor any longer detain my Reader from that, which will afford infinitely more Diversion and Delight, than any thing else that I am capable of entertaining him withal.

I must only add a Parting Word or two, to inform him that he will find, I have generally plac'd my Ballads in the Order in which they came out. The whole Volume consists of such printed ones only as were approv'd by the best Judges, and of many more that were never made publick; and of these not a few done by Celebrated Authors. And thus much may serve for an Introduction to that which will not want a Recommendation.

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A
COLLECTION
OF
SONGS.

A Song in praise of our Three Fam'd Generals. Translated from the French by Mr. Durfey.

1:

FILL every Glass, and recommend 'em,
We'll drink our three Generals Health at large ;
For wheresoe'er these Heroes march,
Conquest renown'd is sure t'attend 'em :

Fill every Glass, and recommend 'em,
We'll drink our three Generals Health at large.

B

2 What-

2.

Whatever shone so bright in Story,
As Fame that adorns Brave *Marlborough* :

Whatever shone, &c.

Shocking our Glasses that o'erflow,
Celebrate then his lasting Glory :

Whatever shone, &c.

3.

Drink next then to that grand Commander,
Eugene the Delight of all the Brave :

Drink next, &c,

Who Laurel Wreaths is sure to have
Where'er he comes, like *Alexander* :

Drink next, &c.

4.

To *Auverquerque* exalt your Glasses,
And just to his Valour let us be :

To *Auverquerque*, &c.

Who tho not youngest of the three,
For brave Exploits there's few surpasses :

To *Auverquerque*, &c.

5.

But now around, Boys, Joy maintaining,
Fill, fill 'em like mine up to the brink :

But now around, &c.

Health to the Glorious *Queen* I drink,
Let her o'er all the Globe be reigning :

But now, &c.

6.

The Sham Pretender, Prince of *Wallia*,
The Prig they sent o'er to be our King ;
The Sham, &c.

When:

When the bold *Scots* own'd no such thing,
 Fled like a Devil home to *Gallia* :
 The Sham, &c.

7.

Did we love Honour's kind Caresses
 Like Toping, we all Heroes should be :
 Did we love, &c.
 For 'mongst our Cups perpetually
 We should be sure of grand Successes,
 Did we love, &c.

A New Health to the Duke of Marlborough, with a Stanza in honour of the Prince of Hannover and Prince Eugene ; on occasion of the Victory at Audenarde. The words by Mr. Durfey.

1.

SING Mighty *Marlborough's* Story,
 Mars of the Field,
 He passes the *Scheld* ;
 And to encrease his Glory,
 The *French* all fly or yield.
Vendosm drew out, to spite him,
 Th' Household Troops to fright him ;
 Princes of the Blood
 Got off as they cou'd,
 But ne'er durst turn to fight him.

2.

Marlborough's a brave Commander,

He conducts us

Into the Field,

As bold as *Alexander*,

He'll die before he'll yield.

Sound the Trumpet, sound, Boys ;

Let each Man stand his ground, Boys ;

Ne'er let us flinch,

Nor give back an inch :

And so let his Health go round, Boys.

3.

This is the Year of Wonders,

The Gendarms gor'd

With Bullet and Sword,

Quake when the General thunders :

Almanza was the Word.

Sound the Trumpet, sound, Boys ;

This to his Health be crown'd, Boys ;

Circle his Brows

With fresh Oaken Boughs,

And thus let the Glass go round, Boys.

4.

Now we've made a Motion,

Eugene the Brave

A Second shall have ;

And could we tope an Ocean,

His Due we hardly give.

Still there's one more must be, Boys ;

Hannover makes 'em up three, Boys :

Three in a Hand

I'll drink to my Friend,

And so let us all agree, Boys.

*An Historical Account of the Battel of
Audenarde.*

I.

YE Commons and Peers,
Pray lend me your Ears,
I'll sing you a Song if I can;
How *Lewis le Grand*
Was put to a stand
By the Arms of our Gracious Queen *Anne*.

2.

How his Army so great
Had a total Defeat,
And close by the River *Dender*;
Where his Grandchildren twain,
For fear of being slain,
Gallop'd off with the Popish Pretender.

3.

To a Steeple on high,
The Battel to spy,
Up mounted these clever Young Men:
But when from the Spire
They saw so much Fire,
Most cleverly came down again.

4.

Then on horseback they got,
All on the same spot,
By Advice of their Cousin *Vendosm*:
O Lord! cry'd out he
Unto young *Burgundy*,
Would your Brother and you were at home.

5.

While this he did say,
 Without more delay,
 Away the young Gentry fled ;
 Whose Heels for that Work
 Were much lighter than Cork,
 Tho their Hearts were as heavy as Lead.

6.

Not so did behave
 Young *Hannover* Brave,
 In this bloody Field, I assure ye ;
 When his War-Horse was shot,
 He valu'd it not,
 But fought it on foot like a Fury.

7.

Full firmly he stood,
 As became his high Blood,
 Which runs in his Veins so blue :
 For this gallant Young-Man,
 Being a-kin to Queen *Anne*,
 Did as, were she a Man, she would do.

8.

While Death flew about,
 Aloud he call'd out,
 Hoh ! you Chevalier of *St. George*,
 If you'll neither stand,
 By Sea nor by Land,
 Pretender, that Title you forge.

9.

What a racket was here,
 I think 'twas last Year,
 For a little Misfortune in *Spain* ?

For by letting 'em win,
We have drawn the Puts in,
To lose all they're worth this Campaign.

10.

Tho *Bruges* and *Ghent*
To *Monsieur* we lent,
With Interest they shall repay 'em :
While *Paris* may sing,
With her sorrowful King,
Nunc Dimittis instead of *Te Deum*.

11.

From this Dream of Success
They'll awaken, we guess,
At the Sound of Great *Marlborough's* Drum :
They may think, if they will,
Of *Almanza* still,
But 'tis *Blenheim* wherever he come.

12.

O *Lewis* perplex'd,
What General next ?
Thou hast hitherto chang'd in vain :
He has beat 'em all round ;
If no new ones are found,
He shall beat the old over again.

13.

We'll let *Tallard* out,
If he'll take t'other bout ;
And much he's improv'd, let me tell ye,
With *Nottingham Ale*
At every Meal,
And good Beef and Pudding in's Belly.

14.

But as Losers at Play

Their Dice throw away,

While the Winners do still win on ;

Let who will command,

Thou had'st better disband,

For, old Bully, thy Doctors are gone.

A New Song, the Words by Mr. Estcourt.

1.

YOU tell me, *Dick*, you lately read,

That we are beaten in *Spain* :

But prithee, Boy, hold up thy Head,

And we'll beat them twice for it again.

With a fa, la, la, &c.

2.

Is this the Courage you us'd to boast ?

Why, thou art quite cast down :

You can reflect on what we've lost,

But ne'er think what we've won,

With a fa, la, &c.

3.

What tho *Jack Spaniard* crack and bounce,

He ne'er shall do so again ;

We took more Towns from them last year,

Than now they have taken Men.

With a fa, la, &c.

4.

In War and Gaming it is the same,

According to the old Saying ;

Who

Who is sure to conquer every Game,
Quite loses the pleasure of playing.
With a fa, la, &c.

5.

Now we have got a Man whose Name
Is *Johnny Marlborough* :

The beaten *French* have felt his Fame,
And so shall the *Spaniards* do.

With a fa, la, &c.

6.

And since we cannot justice do

To every Victory,

In a hearty Glass our Zeal let's show

To our General's Family.

With a fa, la, &c.

7.

For he has eight fair Daughters,

And each of them is a Charmer;

There's Lady *Rialton*, *Bridgwater*,

Fine *Sunderland*, Lady *Mounthermer*,

With a fa, la, &c.

8.

The other four so charming are,

They will with Raptures fill ye ;

There's Lady *Helchin*, *Schellenberg*,

Bright *Blenheim*, and Lady *Ramilly*.

With a fa, la, &c.

9.

The last were got so fair and strong,

As in Story ne'er was told ;

The first four always will be young,

And the last will never be old,

With a fa, la, &c.

10.

At every Feast e're we all are deceas'd,
 And the Service begins to be hard ;
 'Tis surely your Duty to toast a young Beauty,
 Call'd Mademoisell *Audenarde*.
With a fa la, &c.

11.

All Joy to his Grace for the ninth of his Race,
 She's as fair as most of the former ;
 But where is that he, dares so impudent be,
 To compare her to Lady *Mounthermer* ?
With a fa la, &c.

12.

And now to make thy Hopes more strong,
 And make you look like a Man ;
 Remember that all these belong
 To the Queen of *Great Britan*.
With a fa la, &c.

13.

Then prithee, *Dick*, hold up thy head,
 Altho we were beaten in *Spain* ;
 As sure as Scarlet Colour's red,
 We'll beat 'em twice for it again.
With a fa la, &c.

I.

Dearest *Philip*, my Grandson of *Spain*,
 The Fates have call'd thee to *Paris* again ;
 Fly, comply, O let it be soon ;
 Fly to Grand-Mamma *Maintenon* :

O remember, my Dear, that *Lisle's*
No further from *Paris* than fourscore Miles.

2.

Brother *Burgundy's* us'd to make haste,
Sure my *Philip* can run too as fast ;
Do but think Great *Marlborough's* behind,
Then you'll fly as swift as the Wind.
So in hopes that we soon may meet,
I remain, Grand-Papa, but sign *Lewis Petite*.

*A Song on the Victory gain'd over the
French by the Duke of Marlborough
and Prince Eugene, and also the taking
of Mons. The Words by Mr. Durfey.*

NOW Cannon-Smoke clouds all the Sky,
And through the gloomy Wood,
From every Trench the Bougers fly,
Besmeer'd with Dust and Blood.
Whilst Valour's Palm is ours in fight,
And Mons to Terms we bring :
Let bragging *Boufflers* vainly write
False Wonders to the King ;
Fate resolves to end the War,
And *Lewis* like a falling Star,
Though late he sat on high,
A Meteor of the Sky,
Shall from his place remove,
Whilst *Europe* o'er does rove,
With welcome Olive Branch, the peaceful Dove.

Hail mighty *Marlborough*, great *Eugene*,
 Thanks for your glorious Toil ;
 And 'mongst the best of martial Men,
Nassaw and Brave *Argyle* ;
Warriors in Honour's Bed who lie,
 Whose Fame shall ever spring ;
Take for Reward perpetual Joy,
 Whose great Renown we sing.
Monfieur, **Monfieur**, leave off *Spain* ;
 To think to hold it, is in vain :

Thy Warriors are too few,
 Thy Marshals must be new,
 Worse Losses will ensue ;
 Then without more ado,
 Be wise, and straight call home *Petite Anjou*,

Forty long Years thou hast in Gore
 Been dabbling up and down,
Seek now Imperial Crowns no more,
 But plot to save thy own.
Sweden the Buckler to thy Arm,
 Fomenter of the War,
Who kept thy blind Ambition warm,
 Flies from the frozen Czar.
Fill then a Glass each *British* Heart,
From this great Health let no one start ;
 Here's to our happy Queen,
 To *Marlborough* and *Eugene*,
 And those that shortly mean
 To wade the River *Sein* ;
 'Tis, 'tis a Cordial rare, to cure the Spleen,

A Song occasion'd by the taking of Lille.
The Words by Mr. Durfey.

I.

GRAND *Lewis*, let Pride be abated,
 Thy Marshals have all had a Foil;
Boufflers like *Tallard* is ill-fated,
 And *Vendosme* remembers the *Dyle*.
 Thy Hand is quite out at Invasions,
 And spite of thy Fortifications,
 Brave *Eugene* has taken *Lisle*.
 Tho one day *Burgundy*
 Was merry with *Berry*,
 And bragg'd the Queen's Troops he would scourge;
 Make *Britons* and Great-Ones
 This Summer run from her,
 And own Chevalier de *St. George*:
 Tho the Crump too that Season
 Got *Bruges* and *Ghent* by Treason,
 We'll make him e'er long disgorge.

2.

A pox of your Race of High-fliers,
 That late on the Battlements stood;
 Who shew'd to get out of the Bryars,
 What Princes you had of the Blood.
 And well fare the Gallant *Hannover*,
 Who late his high Birth to discover,
 Charg'd as a young Hero shou'd.
 'Tis said too, who fled too,
 Were snapt so, and cropt so,
 They never could face us again:

That

That Cunning or Running
 Won't better the matter,
 They shun mighty *Marlborough* in vain.
 And Monsieur, t'alarm ye,
 If once more he *Hochstets* your Army,
 We'll give ye no thanks for *Spain*.

3.

Thy Troops can do nothing but rattle,
 Brave *Webb* the Discovery begun ;
 Who prov'd at the *Winendale* Battle,
 How fast thy Mob Army could run.
 His Valour shall flourish in Story,
 And thus while he adds to our Glory,
 His own will out-post the Sun.

Forgetting that beating
 A hearty bold Party
 Late march'd toward *Brussels* fair Town ;
 There bouncing and clattering,
 With Cannon for battering,
 The *Electoral Hotspur* sat down.
 But when some time after
 Our Generals cross'd o'er the Water,
 Away the wild Goose was flown.

4.

Bavaria, this shameful Disaster
 Not half yet repays thy past Ill,
 For first being base to thy Master,
 And afterwards false to King *Will*.
 And if 'tis thy simple Opinion,
Le Roy can restore thy Dominion,
 Parbleu thou art frantick still.

Pursuing

Pursuing his Ruin,
 We're marching and charging,
 Resolv'd on a Winter's Campaign :
 Cold, Snowing, and Blowing,
 In Terroure are showing,
 Great *Marlborough* and Glorious *Eugene*.
 We'll storm too like Thunder
 Vile Towns that are fated for Plunder,
 And take 'em l' *Espee a la main*.

A Song on the taking of Doway and Aire.
By Mr. Durfey.

1.

ONCE more the Great General home returns,
 Glory and Victory run by his side ;
 Once more the Grand Teazer of *Christendom* mourns,
 In spite of Convulsions of *Gallick* Pride.

Doway and *Aire*
 Conclude our Affair,
 And *Dunkirk* next year
 Will crown the Campaign.

Yet tho their Brags are repeating,
 Tho they're continually beaten,
 O Monsieur, what canst thou mean ?

2.

Read Annals of *Cæsar*, you there will see
 Triumphs were order'd when Arms did excel ;
 Abate but one Gem of the Royal Degree,
 And our lucky Warrior deserves as well.

Story extols
 How *Cæsar* the *Gauls*,
 With Routing and Falls,
 Did nobly destroy.

Marlb'rough's were bolder and braver,
 Great *Marlborough* successful for ever,
 O welcome him, *Britons*, with Songs of Joy.

A Song on the ensuing Campaign, 1709.
Written by Mr. Dufey.

I.

NOW, now comes on the Glorious Year;
Britain has Hope, and *France* has Fear,
Lewis the War has cost so dear,
 He flily Peace does tender.
 But our two Heroes so well know
 The Breach of his Word some years ago,
 They resolve they will give him another Blow,
 Unless he *Spain* surrender.

2.

Health to the Queen then straight begin,
 To *Marlborough* the Great, and to Brave *Eugene*,
 With them let Valiant *Webb* come in,
 Who late perform'd a Wonder.
 Then to the Ocean an Offering make,
 And boldly carouze to Brave Sir *John Leake*,
 Who with Mortar and Cannon *Mahone* did take,
 And made the Pope knock under.

3.

Beat up the Drum a new Alarm,
 The Foe is cold, and we are warm;
 The Monsieur's Troops can do no harm,
 Tho they abound in Numbers.
 Push them once more, and the War is done,
 Old Men and Boys will surely run,
 And we know we can beat 'em if four to one,
 Which he too well remembers.

*A New Song, to the Tune of
 Lilliburlero.*

1.

IN the Days of Queen *A N N E*,
 Deny it who can,
 The poor King of *France* was on his last Legs;
 And had been undone,
 As sure as a Gun,
 But for some good Friends of honest *Will. Gregg's*:
H-rl-y, H-rl-y, H-rl-y, H-rl-y, St. J-hn and H-rl-y,
H-rc-rt and H-ll.
H-rl-y, &c.

2.

With an Orthodox Face,
 Of Puritan Race,
Robin could banter each Parliament Man;
 He knew how to speak
 Law, *Latin*, and Greek,
 But when he spoke Truth, it was in *Japan*.
H-rl-y, &c.

C

3. Pert

3.

Pert *Harry* came next,
 Whose Spirit was vex'd,
 That any damn'd Whig durst venture to Court:
 Was it not a Disgrace
 For a Man in his place,
 To lie with a Witch, and pay so dear for't?
H-rl-y, &c.

4. Which he too well remembers.

Not *Jefferies* nor *Catch*
 Our *Simon* could match,
 Nor no other Saint from the *Thames* to the *Tagus* :
 Good-natur'd and True,
 As a *Turk* or a *Jew*,
 And much such a Christian as old *Simon Magus*.
H-rl-y, &c.

5.

This *Triumvirate*
 With *Abigail* fate,
 Who swore by the Carbuncles of her sweet Face,
 No more the poor Church
 Should be left in the lurch,
 And none but true Tories should have any Place.
H-rl-y, &c.

6.

All which to make good,
 She solemnly vow'd
 That *France* (in the nick) should *Scotland* invade ;
 That *Perkin* should come
 With Trumpet and Drum,
 And try of what metal that Council was made.
H-rl-y, &c.

7. 'Tis

'Tis nonsense to dream,
 That a Bitch with a Broom
 Could ever contrive to lay such a Scheme ;
 But that Roger of York
 For so pious a Work,
 Her Parts had improv'd by cutting of Phlegm.
H-rl-y, &c.

*A New Ballad, to the Tune of
 Packington's Pound.*

1.

YOU Vicars, and Curates, and Lecturers all,
 Make haste and repair unto *Westminster-Hall* ;
 For there you may hear every one if you will,
 No Trial at Bar, but a Trial of Skill :
 For Low-Church and High
 Their Strength are to try,
 Where Queen, Lords and Commons are all to be by.
 O *Cheverell* ! O *Cheverell* ! 'tis all long of thee,
 Better thou wert hanged on the Triple-Tree.

2.

For *Cheverell* of *Southwark* a Sermon has preach'd,
 For which by the Commons he now stands impeach'd ;
 'Cause it was suspected this Sermon was meant
 Against the good Queen, and her good Government :
 Which if it appears
 Before our wise Peers,
 'Tis thought he will hardly escape with his Ears.
 O *Cheverell*, &c.

3.

In which may be found that some Notions and Words
May pass the Lord's House, but not the House of Lords.
Your Priestt-riding Doctrine is quite out of date,
Tho early you learnt it, you teach it too late:

Then mark what I cry,
To Churchmen that fly,

The lower you fall, the more you mount high.

O *Cheverell* ! &c.

4.

But look what a Change of Affairs is here come,
Which shews that most Men are much frailer than some;
His Judges, 'tis true, have the Criminal cast,
But then what a Sentence do you think they have past?

For strangely inclin'd

To condemn, yet be kind,

Their Punishment lame, as their Justice is blind.

O *Cheverell* ! &c.

5.

His Cure's turned *sine* Cure for his Offence,
With nothing to do but pick up the good Pence;
Wherefore 'tis believed when he preaches next,
He'll take special Care how to alter his Text:

For in Peril was he,

As great as might be,

Till by some false Brethren he quite was set free.

O *Cheverell* ! &c.

6.

You Vicars, and Curates, and Lecturers all,
May go back again now from *Westminster-Hall*;
Sedition preach up, at the Government rail,
No Dangers shall follow your ill-temper'd Zeal:

For

For far from discarded,
 You shall be rewarded,
 And who knows by whom at length much regarded.
O Cheverell ! O Cheverell ! 'twere better for we,
 That thou wert hanged on the Triple-Tree.

*A New Ballad on a late Strolling Doctor,
 To the old Tune of, Hey Boys! Up go
 we: or what other you please.*

I.

GOOD Folks, I pray, have you not heard
 Of a Criminal of late,
 Who has rode thro Town and Country too,
 In a most pompous State ?
 In a most pompous State indeed,
 In a Train of brainless Fools,
 All manag'd by some Knaves above,
 And made their easy Tools.

2.

This was a Man in holy Church,
 Of Republican Renown
 In * Eighty Eight, who labour'd hard * *The Revolution.*
 To pull his Sovereign down ;
 To pull his Sovereign down to rights,
 And set up Glorious *WILL*,
 The bravest Prince that e'er before
 The *British* Throne did fill.

3.

But this same shuffling Priest has since

A silly Turn-coat prov'd,

And by his Passive Doctrine has

The Mob to Rebellion mov'd :

The Mob to Rebellion mov'd, (ah R — !)

Against the Church and Queen,

And all the Laws *impurè* : sure

The like was never seen.

4.

This Priest in all his Strollings met

With more than Fidler's Fare,

For he'ad Meat and Drink, and Yellow-boys,

And Women e'en to spare :

And Women e'en to spare, forsooth,

Thanks to their thick-skull'd Fools,

That were manag'd by some Knaves above,

And made their easy Tools.

5.

The *Levites* of this Jollity

Resolving to partake,

Came thick and threefold into th' Croud

Just as at any Wake ;

All to huzza, and shew themselves

As errant Oaffs and Fools,

As e'er were rid by crafty Knaves,

That knew who were their Tools.

6.

And now to work they went full drive,

Addreses for to make ;

And snap-dash *Lives* and *Fortunes* all,

Sans Sense or Reason stake ;

Sans

Sans Sense or Reason stake, such are
 These wretched miscreant Fools,
 Who are manag'd by some Knaves above,
 And made their easy Tools.

7.

But would you gladly know, herein
 What was their main Intent?
 Why, 'twas to have the Queen (God bless!)

Call a new Parliament :

Call a new Parliament forthwith,
 To please these Tory Fools,
 Who are manag'd by some Knaves above,
 And made their easy Tools.

8.

And ah ! when that is once obtain'd,
 What next will be their Cry?

A Whirligig, a Turn-about,
 And Change of Ministry :

A Change of Ministry, no doubt,
 Would please these *Bedlam* Fools,
 Who are manag'd, &c.

9.

But then to plague the Whigs, on whom
 They hope to wreak their Spite,
 The Acts of Settlement they damn,
 For Hereditary Right :

For Hereditary Right, in hopes
 To please these High-Church Fools,
 Who are manag'd, &c.

But how do they confound this Right,
Both Human and Divine!
Her Majesty's, and also that
Of th' *Hannoverian* Line!

This only's made a Stale, to draw
In *Country*-Puts and Fools,
Who are manag'd, &c.

II. Call a new Parliament:

But now stand clear, for the Bellow is,
O the Danger of the Church!
Th' *Apostolick* must by no means
Be left in woful lurch:
But Non-Resistance stoutly must
Be held up to old Rules,
Or else some Knaves above would lose
Their new bigotted Tools.

12. And Change of Ministry:

Pray God blefs Queen *Anne*, and keep,
And mightily defend her
From all that sooth her to her face,
Yet would bring in Pretender:
Yet would bring the Pretender in,
To undeceive those Fools
Who have been manag'd by some Knaves,
That call'd them their n'own Tools.

The

*The Tories Triumph on the News of the
Pretender's Expedition to Switzerland,
alias England. Being a new Song to a
merry old Tune, made in the Year 1641.
reviv'd in 1683. and lately perform'd at
the Bell-Tavern in W——r.*

1.

NOW, now the Whigs shall all go down,

The Tories up and ride;

The genuine Sons of C—— and C——n

On both shall get astride.

We'll damn those stiff Republicans,

As low as low may be;

And whip and spur, we'll seize the Reins:

Then, hey Boys! up go we.

2.

We'll broach our Tubs, and Principles,

Of *Ostober's* Passive Growth;

And till our Clubs and Bottles fail,

Will stand and fall by both.

With these we'll rout their boasted Cause

Of Legal Liberty:

Pretend the Church, to break the Laws;

Then, hey Boys! up go we.

3.

Their Meeting-Houses we will gut,

And then, as we were wont,

We'll swear 'twas a Fanatick Plot,

And the Rogues themselves have don't.

With

With *French* and *Papists* we will join,

To shew our *Loyalty* ;

Set *Perkin* up with *Right Divine*,

Then, hey Boys ! up go we.

4.

We'll send our *Fool* the *Country* round,

His way for to prepare,

With *Trumpet*, *Pipe*, and *Flag* and *Drum*,

Like *Cavalcade* of *Bear* :

The *Church's* *Danger* to advance,

Tho in such a *Tool* as he,

Will serve till better come from *France* :

Then hey Boys ! up go we.

5.

We'll pray and curse, address and swear,

Pro-con the *Revolution* ;

With *Hannover* confound the *Heir*

Of *Passive* *Institution*.

The *Legal* *Right* to weaken thus,

Our *Interest* 'twill be :

For *Perkin* then comes next in course,

Then, hey Boys ! up go we.

6.

To bring this blessed *Change* about,

We'll jumble and confound

Whig-Politicks, and *Credit* rout,

And so the *Wheels* go round :

Till having run our *Rope's* full reach,

With *Mirth* and merry *Glee*,

We find 'twill hold, as well as stretch ;

Then, hey Boys ! up go we.

A Health to the Present Constitution.

1.

FILL up the mighty sparkling Bowl,
Let's join in a Health without controul,

To the pious Mem'ry of the Soul

That form'd the Revolution.

To all loyal Lads, here's three in a hand,

'Tis the Queen, and the Church, and the Laws of the Land ;

May they one by the other firmly stand,

And guard our Constitution.

2.

Let's all join hands, and merry be,

Pledg you the Right, while the Left pledg me,

And in a Health let's all agree,

To celebrate the Union.

To North and South our Patriots all,

And mighty *Anne*, who gave the Call ;

They've crush'd our Foes, who loud did baul

To separate Communion.

3.

What does the Faction mean to do ?

Dare they not honest be, nor true ?

We'll give the Devil what's his Due,

As you may all remember.

Did not Sedition preach up high,

To rouse the *Jacks*, inrag'd to fly,

And pull from the Throne her M——y,

The fifth of last November ?

1709.

4. With

4.

With pleasure they view Old *England's* Scars,
 And still would renew her Civil Wars,
 For this they now foment new Jars,
 And curse the Toleration.

Nor need we doubt *Sa——ell*,
Hi——ns and *Le——ly* know full well,
 That the Plan of the Plot was form'd in Hell,
 To d——n the *British* Nation.

5.

They pray for the Church, their Bishops hate,
 Swear to the Crown, disown the State,
 And wretched stuff they give of late,
 To sooth our Faith's Defender.

Their empty Tricks made all Men smile,
 To see their Schemes themselves beguile,
 And think they're serving all the while
 Their little sham Pretender.

6.

What mighty Contest now and then,
 Implying both the Prefs and Pen,
 'Twixt *Lord-knows-who* and Brother *Ben*,

To try the Force of Reason!
 But in the end our wholesom Laws,
 With honest Hearts and deserv'd Applause,
 Are searching the Merits of the Cause,
 Pray Fate it prove not Treason.

7.

In flowing Cups let's friendly heal
 The Jars in State or Commonweal,
 The Health we drink let none conceal,
 Our Noble Legislators.

May Peace and Plenty blefs their Seed,
 Our Fleet and Armys still fucceed,
 Queen, Lords, and Commons all agreed,
 In spite of Conspirators.

*A New Ballad. To the Tune of
 Fair Rosamond.*

1.

WHEN AS Q—— A—— of great Renown
 Great Britain's Scepter fway'd,
 Besides the Church, she dearly lov'd
 A dirty Chamber-maid.

2.

O! *Abi*—— that was her Name,
 She starch'd and stitch'd full well;
 But how she pierc'd this Royal Heart,
 No mortal Man can tell.

3.

However, for sweet Service done,
 And Causes of great weight;
 Her Royal Mistress made her, Oh!
 A Minister of State.

4.

Her Secretary she was not,
 Because she could not write;
 But had the Conduct and the Care
 Of some dark Deeds at Night.

5. The

5.

The important Pass of the Back-Stairs

Was put into her Hand;

And up she brought the greatest R——

Grew in this fruitful Land.

6.

And what am I to do, quoth he,

Oh! for this Favour great?

You are to teach me how, quoth she,

To be a Sl—— of State.

7.

My Dispositions they are good,

Mischievous and a Lyar;

A faucy, proud, ungrateful B——,

And for the Church entire.

8.

Great Qualities, quoth *Machiavel*:

And soon the World shall see

What you can for your Mistress do,

With one small Dash of me.

9.

In Counsel sweet, Oh! then they sat,

Where she did Griefs unfold,

Had long her grateful Heart oppress'd:

And thus her Tale she told.

10.

From Shreds and Dirt in low degree,

From Scorn in piteous State,

A Dutcheſs bountiful has made

Of me a Lady Great.

11. Some

11.

Some Favours she has heap'd upon
 This undeserving Head,
 That for to ease me from their Weight,
 Good God, that she were dead!

12.

Oh! let me then some means find out,
 This teasing Debt to pay:
 I think, quoth he, to get her Place
 Would be the only way.

13.

For less than you she must be brought,
 Or I can never see
 How you can pay the Boons receiv'd,
 When you are less than she.

14.

My Arguments lie in few words,
 Yet not the less in weight;
 And oft with good success we use
 Such in Affairs of State.

15.

Quoth she 'tis not to be withstood,
 I'll push it, from this hour:
 I will be grateful, or at least
 I'll have it in my power.

16.

Quoth he, since my poor Counsel gains
 Such Favour in your eye,
 I have a small Request to make.
 I hope you won't deny.

17. Some

17.

Some Bounties I like you have had
 From one that bears the Wand;
 And very fain I would, like you,
 Repay them if I can.

18.

Witness ye Heavens ! how I wish
 To slide into his Place ;
 Only to shew him Countenance,
 When he is in Disgrace.

19.

Oh ! would you use your Interest Great
 With our most gracious Q———;
 Such things I'd quickly bring about,
 This Land hath never seen.

20.

Give me but once her Royal Ear,
 Such Notes I'll in it sound,
 As from her sweet Repose shall make
 Her Royal Head turn round.

21.

He spoke, and straightway it was done,
 She gain'd him free Access :
 God long preserve our Gracious Q———,
 The Parliament no less.

22.

Now from this Hour it was remark'd,
 That there was such Resort
 Of many great and high Divines
 Unto the Q———'s fair Court.

23.

Myſterious things that long were hid;
 Began to come to light ;
 And many of the Church's Sons
 Were in a zealous Fright.

24.

'Twas ſaid, with Sighs and anxious Looks,
 A General abroad
 Had won more Battles than their Friends;
 The *French*, could well afford.

25.

That ſo much Mony had been ſent,
 Such needleſs things t' advance ;
 It ſure was time, as in Reigns paſt,
 Some now ſhould come from *France*.

26.

At laſt they ſpoke it out, and ſaid,
 'Twas of the laſt import,
 That there ſhould be a thorow Change
 In Army, Fleet, and Court.

27.

For wicked *Johnny Marlborough*
 So madly puſh'd things on,
 That ſhould he unto *Paris* go,
 The Church was quite undone.

28.

The Wiſe and pious Q—— gave ear
 To this devout Advice ;
 And honeſt ſturdy *Sunderland*
 Was whip'd up in a trice.

D

29. Avaſt !

29.

Avast ! cry'd out the Admiral ;
 No-near, you Rogues, no-near !
 Your Ship will be amongst the Rocks,
 If at this rate you steer.

30.

With that the Man, that kept the Cash,
 Slipt in a word or two ;
 Which made an old Acquaintance think
 This Game would never do.

31.

He but one Eye had in his Head,
 But with that one he saw
 These Priests might bring about his ears
 A thing we call Club-Law.

32.

He on his Pillow laid his Head,
 And on mature Debate
 With that, and what his Wife resolv'd,
 To play a Trick of State.

33.

Like Dr. *Burgeſs* much renown'd,
 Of one he did take care ;
 Then ſlipt his Cloke, and left the reſt
 All in moſt ſad Deſpair.

34.

The Conſequence of this was ſuch,
 Our good and gracious Q——,
 Not knowing why ſhe e'er went wrong,
 Came quickly right again.

35. How-

However, taking safe Advice
 From those that knew her well,
 She *Abigail* turn'd out of doors,
 And hang'd up *Machiavel*.

A Ballad to the Tune of the Dame of Honour.

1.

A L L things are chang'd in Court and Town
 Since *Sarah's* happy Days, Sir:
 One who of late had scarce a Gown,
 Now *Q* — and Kingdom fways, Sir.
 She's as neither Beauty, Birth nor Sense,
 Yet does controul the Nation;
 A matchless Stock of Impudence,
 And blasted Reputation.

2.

Four Pounds a Year was her Estate,
 Time alters her Condition;
 A Lady fine she's grown of late,
 And a wondrous Politician.
 The ugly Jade to tope retires,
 While others snore abed, Sir;
 With Bumpers she augments those Fires,
 That make her Nose so red, Sir,

3.

The Salamander of her Nose,
 That has been a Publick Tax, Sir,
 Shall be an Offering to her Foes,
 In spite of the Nose of Wax, Sir.
 Oh that some truly zealous Friend
 Would give the Bitch a Potion,
 While Ox——d's Mouth, at lower end,
 Were set to meet the Motion.

4.

Or that they'd send her brawny Bum,
 As hard as Alabaster;
 'Twou'd make a pretty sort of Drum,
 To serve her little Master.
 Oh may our Q—— in safety reign,
 And *Marlb'rough* again protect her;
 May he destroy the subtle Train
 Of Courtiers that infect her.

5.

May he all R——n's Tricks defeat,
 However deeply laid, Sir:
 And his whole Ruin to compleat,
 Turn out the Chambermaid, Sir.
 Then if the *French* should send her King,
 We'll turn her Touch-hole to him:
 With Fire and Smoke, and t'other thing,
 Oh! we shall quite undo him.

To

To the Tune of Cold and Raw.

1.

England, of late a Glorious State,
 Made *France* to beat a Parley,
 And sue for Peace at any rate :

Who broke it off but *H——y* ?
 Who is it now concludes a Peace,
 On *Perkin's* side so fairly ?

Some who are in the *Q——n's* good Grace,
 Why *Abigail* and *H——y*.

2.

Who put the Nation in a flame,
 That cost us now so dearly ;
 And turned out our Men of Fame ?

Why *Abigail* and *H——y*.
 If ever we see better Times,
 And Justice acted fairly ;
 Who must be hang'd for these High Crimes ?
 Why *Abigail* and *H——y*.

To the Tune of Fair Rosamond.

1.

I Pray God bless our Gracious *Q——*
 A *Q——* of high Renown ;
 And fix upon her unfix'd Head
 The tottering *British* Crown.

2.

Tottering, I think, it may be said,
 For so it seems to me,
 From the Old Game that now is play'd
 By the New Min——y.

3.

This Min——y is Tripartite,
 Two He's and eke one She ;
 To match them, when they three unite,
 The Devil himself must be.

4.

First, *Harlequin*, a Man of Sleight,
 As many Shapes can take,
 As there are Stars in starry Night :
 Oh may the Q—— awake !

5.

And see this doubling tricking Wight
 In his natural Shape :
 O how her Hair would stand upright,
 And Royal Mouth would gape !

6.

With him *Monoculus* does join,
 Well taught by *France* and *Rome*
 How to fob off the Rightful Line,
 And bring sweet *Perkin* home.

7.

Then to consult these two did go,
 But then they had forgot
 That the Devil with *Adam* nought could do,
 Till *Eve* join'd in the Plot.

8. Therefore

8.

Therefore they flew to Female Aid,
 And straitway did agree,
 That the Carbuncle Chambermaid
 Should make one of the three.

9.

For none so fit an Instrument
 To work the Works of Hell,
 As e'er in Isle or Continent,
 Since Father *Adam* fell.

10.

Hereditary Right they us'd,
 Their Mistress to dumfound;
 So sadly was she thus abus'd,
 Her Royal Head turn'd round.

11.

Now when the Head is giddy grown,
 What thereon is doth shake;
 Therefore I call it tottering Crown:
 Awake, O Q——, awake!

To the Tune of the Windsor Minuet.

1.

MAdam take care,
 For *Robin* gulls you,
 And lulls you
 Asleep, you'll be betray'd.
 He is a Rogue, a Rogue in grain,
 That will do any thing for Gain.

Madam ev'n then

Discard this Villain,
With Gillian,
Your dirty Chambermaid.

What tho she tells

Fine Talès, she flams you,
And flams you
With Lyes that all are *French*.
Robin and she are both agreed
To set up *Perkin* soon in your stead.

Then look about,

And trounce those Cheaters,
And Traitors,
Both *Robin* and his Wench.

Hang them both up,

And put in their Places
Their Graces
The Duke and Dutcheſs again.
And your old Steward, if you would prize,
Credit again would begin to riſe :

Lewis would then,

For fear, ſoon knuckle,
And truckle,
And give both *India* and *Spain*.

God ſave the Queen

And Church, and mend us,
And ſend us

A good and laſting Peace :

A Peace that will secure our Trade,
And all the Protestant Acts we have made,
Which if it don't,

May all Peace-makers,
League-breakers,
Be drown'd in the *South-Seas*.

*An Excellent New Song, call'd, Credit
Restor'd, in the Year 1711. To the
Tune of, Come prithee, Horace, hold
up thy Head.*

I.

ALL Britons rejoice at this Turn of the State,
Which rescu'd from Plunder the Nation;
From this happy Year you for ever may date
Of Credit the Restoration.

La, la, &c.

2.

To begin with the Bank, which the Learned aver,
Of Credit the Measure most true is;
It flourishes so, that One Hundred Pounds there
Now at least worth a Hundred and Two is.

La, la, &c.

3.

Tho once it was more, as the Faction does boast,
Intrinsic Worth never can vary:
Their *Twenty and Seven*, they find to their cost,
Like our *Two* is but Imaginary.

La, la, &c.

4. And

4.

And to shew that the Landed Interest rises
 In this happy Administration,
 Our Navy for Cheese pays at least double Prices,
 And Hogs are in high Reputation.
La, la, &c.

5.

And thus whilst our Statesmen, with vigilant Care,
 Made all such Commodities dearer;
 In the whole we have lost one Year's Tax for the War,
 And therefore the Peace must be nearer.
La, la, &c.

6.

Next, open to all a Subscription-Book stood,
 In which if some Fools would not enter,
 The Statesmen not only propos'd what was good,
 But they likewise compel'd them to venture.
La, la, &c.

7.

And such fair Accounts the Subscribers will see,
 That surely there can be no losing;
 For *Sh—rd* and *Blunt* the Directors shall be,
 With *More* of her *M——y's* chusing.
La, la, &c.

8.

The Love of his Prince then whoever expects,
 Or wishes his Fortune were double,
 In *Mortimer's* Hole must lay all his Effects,
 Where they never will give him more trouble.
La, la, &c.

9. For

9.

For the Door is now shut ; and since all Men agree
 Things stand upon solid Foundations,
 Those ignorant Wretches distracted must be,
 Who can fear in this Court Alterations.

La, la, &c.

10.

And Earl R — s shall go to the House of *Hannover*,
 To fix the Right Hereditary :
 So now the Pretender can never come over,
 Nor the settled Succession miscarry.

La, la, &c.

11.

And further so watchful our Rulers have been,
 That *Perkin* should never enslave ye ;
 The Man, who prefer'd him to our Gracious Queen,
 Is not to preside o'er the Navy.

La, la, &c.

12.

And less would they trust the renown'd P — — — *gk*
 In that Post, tho he much laid about him ;
 They knew if he rambled the Continent thorough,
 Sea-Affairs would go better without him.

La, la, &c.

13.

For the Seamen may gain, in the *South-Sea* Trade,
 Their Pay, since so rudely they crave it :
 And who can complain that a Debt is unpaid,
 When the Lubbards for fetching may have it ?

La, la, &c.

14. Those

14.

Those extravagant Rogues would have spent in a trice,
 What they gain'd with much Danger and Trouble;
 But our Governours prudent have found this Device,
 That they might not their Families bubble.

La, la, &c.

15.

Great Schemes like to these might be well brought to bear,
 Since the Persons employ'd were not small;
 For who should they be but the good M——r,
 And the beautiful *Abigail*?

La, la, &c.

16.

Young *Cato* to them had the next mighty Share,
 And all must acknowledg that he is
*As busy and warm in his * Country's Affair,*
As in her own Hive any Bee is.

* Examiner.

La, la, &c.

17.

For an Instance of this, he in publick maintain'd,
 That the *Debt was of mere Grace and Favour*:
 Which tho this great Orator fully explain'd,
 Yet her M——y paid it, God save her.

La, la, &c.

18.

Thus our Debts being clear'd from the fruitful *South-Sea*,
 In Wealth we shall daily grow stronger:
 Tho Stock-Jobbing fails, why dismay'd should we be,
 Since we want to be trusted no longer?

La, la, &c.

19. For

19.

For a Box is just landed, by which we may find
 Our Work done in *France* and *Peru* is ;
 And the long wish'd-for Peace already is sign'd
 Betwixt *Arthur M——* and King *Lewis*.!
La, la, &c.

*An Excellent New Song, call'd, An End
 to our Sorrows. To the Tune of, I laugh
 at the Pope's Devices.*

1.

S I N G Praise to our Gracious Queen *Anne*,
 Who quietly sits on her Throne ;
 Having well got rid of a Clan,
 That too saucily Wise were grown.

2.

For their Counsels (as well it is seen)
 And Schemes were so very correct,
 They left no Pow'r in the Queen,
 Or Amendments to make or reject.

3.

Which was a just Cause to discard'em,
 And lodg the whole Power in *One*.
 Heav'n, doubtless, will justly reward him,
 If he finishes, as he's begun.

4.

His Actions so wise are and just,
 Without any sinister Ends ;
 Altho he should do, what his Trust
 Will not warrant, we will be his Friends.

5. His

5.

His Capacity's greater by far, than
 Any Statesman that e'er went before him ;
 Having paid a vast Debt to a farthing
 Without Mony, for which we adore him.

6.

He'll Silver in Plenty bring home,
 By the Trade fix'd in the *South-Sea* ;
 Which, if it to any thing come,
 No doubt it will something be.

7.

Our Credit was once at a stand,
 But now 'tis restor'd again ;
 Since *Nine* or *Ten* does command
 What with *Six* was endeavour'd in vain.

8.

And *Fifty per Cent.* has such Savour,
 'Twill always our Navy supply ;
 And who, for trusting his Favour,
 Can give better Reasons why ?

9.

But this is but part of the Sum,
 That to his great Wisdom we owe ;
 A Peace he has under his Thumb,
 That does all his great Actions out-go.

10.

By which, of the Ballance of Power
 We need have no farther Care ;
 Since *Philip* of *Spain* shall restore
 Ev'ry Inch that Old *Lewis* can spare.

11. The

11.

The Act of Succession shall be
 Confirm'd to the Joy of the Nation;
 Of which, we all must agree,
 That *Perkin* has no Expectation.

12.

Of our Trade too, is taken great care;
 Which cannot be reckon'd in vain:
 For now we have nothing to fear,
 If *France* does her Promise maintain.

13.

For th' Allies; the Question is, Whether
 (Such Care of our selves being taken)
 'Tis material to keep 'em together,
 To save one another's Bacon.

14.

'Tis a Work so hard to be done,
 Each separate State to please;
 'Tis better to let it alone,
 Than thereby to obstruct such a Peace.

15.

While the Church, as establish'd by Law,
 Is fenc'd with such Zealous Defenders;
 As soon we may dread any Clause
 That may favour the *Pope*, as *Dissenters*.

16.

All this being gain'd by the Peace,
 Will sure drive away all our Fears;
 Especially since a long Lease
 Is secur'd, of at least Three Years.

17. Then

17.

Then sing to the Praise and Glory
Of Her who sits on the Throne ;
Let every Whig and Tory
Be thankful for this when done.

18.

Till when, for better or worse,
We impatiently wait the Success ;
Which a Blessing will be, or a Curse,
Pray God, it may be for the best.

*A New Ballad, to the Old Tune of
Chevy-Chase.*

1.

GOD prosper long this Free-born Isle,
And make to Britons known,
To talk of Peace is scarce worth while,
Unless 'tis good, or none.

2.

Tho Taxes may by Peace abate,
Yet what Man gains a Tester,
If Skin be patch'd o'er broken Pate
Before we cure the Fester.

4.

We have abjur'd ; then rest assur'd,
Ye Clergy or ye Laymen,
That noble Act must be secur'd,
Or else Lord help us ! Amen.

4.

With each Heart's Vein dread *Europe's* Chain,
 Since there no thing more true is,
 Than that if *Spain* must appertain
 To *Anjou*, he is *Lewis*.

5.

God save the Queen if thus they mean,
 And from old *Lew'* defend her ;
 Since Five and Five is no more Ten,
 Than he is our Pretender.

6.

He own'd King *Will*, and so would still,
 To gain a breathing Truce ;
 Then keep his Royal Word, until
 To break it serv'd his Use.

7.

So faithless Winds decoy the Ship,
 With Promise to persist ;
 Then into some crofs Corner slip,
 And drive her as they list.

8.

Who first a Mouse-Trap did invent,
 And baited it with Bacon ;
 This mythologick Warning meant,
 Be not by fair Words taken.

9.

In vain poor Souls have flock'd in Shoals,
 If Peace should Slaves decree 'em,
 To offer up, at Quire of *Paul's*,
 Their needless Psalm *Te Deum*.

10.

It was not thus in days of old,
 As Histories repeat ;
 For Men did then a Diff'rence hold
 'Twixt Vict'ry and Defeat.

11.

Nor was the Secret often known,
 Thro Course of Ages past ;
 The Conquering Side to be undone,
 The Conquer'd gain at last.

12.

A Gamester, at a Hazard-Bet,
 Would think 't a Bubble-Cafe,
 When Main is thrown, and Stake is set,
 To lose it to *Deux-Ace*.

13.

Thus smitten Hearts feel cruel Darts,
 From a receding Eye ;
 Which *Parthian*-like, as Love asserts,
 At once can kill and fly.

14.

When injur'd *Greeks* beleagu'er'd *Troy*,
 And liv'd in Boots ten Years ;
 They let the Place no Rest enjoy,
 Till burnt about their ears,

15.

Sly Proffers of, tho wish'd for, Peace,
 With Sword in hand they heard ;
 But scorn'd Hostilities should cease,
 Till Wrongs were first repair'd.

16.

No less than Madness it was thought,
 At that wise time o' day ;
 To claim the Prize for which they fought,
 And then to give 't away.

17.

Kind Vict'ry thus were like the Cow,
 Which crumps her Back and Tail ;
 And after yielding Milk enough,
 Frisks round, and spills the Pail.

18.

Then, this Dispute to reconcile,
 Let's end where we begun ;
 Nor talk of Peace as worth the while,
 Except 'tis good or none.

19.

And so God bless our Gracious Queen,
 And may our Pray'rs ne'er cease ;
 That his great Hand would intervene,
 Be it a War or Peace.

*The Age of Wonders. To the Tune of
 Chevy Chase.*

I.

THE Year of Wonders is arriv'd,
 The Devil has learnt to dance ;
 The Church from Danger just retriev'd
 By Help brought in from France.

2.

Nature's run mad, and Madmen rule,
 The World's turn'd upside down;
 Tumult puts in to keep the Peace,
 And Popery the Crown.

3.

In all the Ages of the World,
 Such Wonders ne'er were seen;
 Papists cry out for th' *English* Church,
 And Rabbles for the Queen,

4.

The Pulpit thunders Death and War,
 To heal the bleeding Nation;
 And sends Dissenters to the Devil,
 To keep the Toleration.

5.

The High-Church Clergy mounted high,
 Like Sons of *Jehu* drive;
 And over true Religion ride,
 To keep the Church alive.

6.

The Furioso's of the Church
 Come foremost like the Wind;
 And Moderation out of breath,
 Comes trotting on behind.

7.

The Realm from Danger to secure,
 To foreign Aid we cry;
 With Papists and Nonjurors join,
 To keep out Popery.

8. King

8.

King *William* on our Knees we curse,
 And damn the Revolution;
 And to preserve the Nation's Peace,
 We study its Confusion.

9.

With treacherous Heart and double Tongue,
 Both Parties we adhere to;
 Pray for the Side we swear against,
 And curse the Side we swear to.

10.

To Heaven we for our Sovereign pray,
 And take the Abjuration;
 But take it *Hocus-Pocus* way,
 With juggling Reservation.

11.

Sacheverell-like, with double Face,
 We pray for our Defender;
 To good Queen *Anne* make vile Grimace,
 But drink to the Pretender.

12.

With Presbyterians we unite,
 And Protestant Succession;
 But if the Devil came for both,
 We'd give him free Possession.

13.

Our Scheme of Politicks is wise,
 Good Lord! that you'd but read it!
 'T pulls *Marlb'rough* down, to beat the *French*,
 And the Bank, to keep our Credit.

14.

Because our Treasurer was just,
 And House of Commons hearty;
 And neither would betray their Trust,
 Or sell us to a Party :

15.

Our Business is, that neither may
 Their Places long abide in ;
 But get some chosen in their room,
 As no Man can confide in.

16.

Who shall deserve your mighty Praise
 For Fund, and eke for Loan ;
 And may the Nation's Credit raise,
 But never can their own.

17.

Because declaring Rights to reign,
 Our Parliaments have part in ;
 We'll have the Queen that Claim disown,
 For one that's more uncertain.

18.

The Restoration to make plain,
 That *Perkin* mayn't miscarry ;
 We've wisely wheedled up the Queen
 To Right Hereditary.

19.

The Dignity of Parliaments,
 The stronger to imprint in 's ;
 We hug the Priest whom they condemn,
 And ridicule their Sentence.

20.

In order to discourage Mobs,
 And keep the People quiet ;
 The Rabblers we condemn for Form,
 But not a Rogue shall die yet.

21.

The Duke of *Marlborough* to requite,
 For retrieving *English* Honour ;
 His Dutcheſs ſhall have all the Spite
 That Fools can put upon her.

22.

For Battels fought, and Towns reduc'd,
 And Popiſh Armies broken,
 And that our *English* Gratitude
 May to future times be ſpoken :

23.

While fighting for the Nation he
 Looks Danger in the face,
 We ſtrive to inſult his Family,
 And load him with Diſgrace.

24.

Because he's crown'd with Victory,
 And all the People love him ;
 We hate the Man for his Succeſs,
 And therefore will remove him.

25.

And now we're ſtirring up the Mob
 Againſt a new Election,
 That High-Church Members may be choſe
 By our moſt wiſe Direction.

That Queens may Parliaments dissolve,
 No doubt 'tis right and just ;
 But we have found it out, that now,
 Because she may, she must.

The Bankrupt Nation to restore,
 And pay the Millions lent ;
 We'll at one dash wipe out the Score,
 With Sponge of Parliament.

Then we can carry on the War,
 With neither Fund or Debit ;
 And Banks shall eat us up no more,
 Upon pretence of Credit.

If not, we'll close with Terms of Peace,
 Prescrib'd by *France* and *Rome* ;
 That War being huddled up abroad,
 May then break out at home.

*A New Song. Being a Second Part to the
same Tune of Lilliburlero, &c.*

I.

A Treaty's on foot, look about *English* Boys,
Stop a bad Peace as soon as you can ;
A Peace which our *Hannover's* Title destroys,
And shakes the high Throne of our glorious Queen *Anne*.
Over, over, Hannover, over,
Haste and assist our Queen and our State ;
Haste over, Hannover, fast as you can over,
Put in your Claim before 'tis too late.

2.

A Bargain our Queen made with her good Friends
The *States*, to uphold the Protestant Line ;
If a bad Peace is made, that Bargain then ends,
And spoils her good Majesty's gallant Design.
Over, over, &c.

3.

A Creature there is, that goes by more Names
Than ever an honest Man could, should, or would ;
And I wish we don't find him an arrant King *James*,
Whene'er he peeps out from under his Hood.
Over, over, &c.

4.

The *Dauphin* of *France* to a Monast'ry went,
To visit the Mother of him afore said ;
He wish'd her much Joy, and he left her content
With a dainty fine Peace about to be made.
Over, over, &c.

5. What

5.

What kind of a Peace, I think we may guess,
 So welcome must be to her and her Lad :
 And let any Man say it, if we can do less
 Than be very sorry, when they're very glad.
Over, over, &c.

6.

Whoe'er is in Place, I care not a fig,
 Nor will I decide 'twixt High-Church and Low ;
 'Tis now no Dispute between *Tory* and *Whig*,
 But whether a Popish Successor, or no.
Over, over, &c.

7.

Our honest Allies this Peace do explain,
 Of which our *French* Foes so loudly do boast ;
 But I hope, if they reckon on *India* and *Spain*,
 They reckon without consulting their Host.
Over, over, &c.

8.

Or else we must bid farewell to our Trade,
 Whatever fine Tales some People have told ;
 For whene'er a Peace of that nature is made,
 We shall send out no Wool, nor bring home no Gold,
Over, over, &c.

9.

Then wage on the War, Boys, with all your Might,
 Our Taxes are great, but our Danger's not small ;
 We'd better be half undone, than be quite,
 As half a Loaf's better than no Bread at all.
Over, over, &c.

The French Preliminaries. A New Ballad to the Old Tune of Packington's Pound.

ALL you that have Stock, and are mad for a Peace,
Come listen a while, and I'll give your Hearts ease;
And let all true Churchmen rejoice when they see
How low the *French* creep to the new Min——y.
A great Poet lately was sent into *France*,
For a general Treaty to make some Advance;
In return of whose Visit, a Knight newly made,
And a governing Man of the *French South-Sea* Trade,
Came with a full Power, as he says, from the King,
These Tidings of Gladness for *Britain* to bring.

1.

He declares *that the King will do all that is fitting*
To acknowledg her Majesty Queen of Great Britain :
For which, if you scruple to take his bare Word,
Pray think how that Monarch us'd *William* the Third;
Whom he own'd, and disown'd, and set up the Pretender,
And with him still noses our Church's Defender.
He also protests *that the Crown shall descend,*
As at present 'tis settled for that very end.

2.

That *he will bona fide and freely consent,*
That whoever is able, may take care to prevent
The French, and the Spaniards being under one Yoke ;
Which is easily done when the Alliance is broke :
For he horribly fears lest an Excess of Pow'r
The Quiet of *Europe* may chance to devour.

3.

He also intends *the Allies One and All,*
 (For he scorns to except the Great or the Small)
If they'll be but contented with what he will give 'em,
Shall find he's a Man that will never deceive 'em :
Their Trade shall be safe ; tho he does not declare,
 To inquisitive Folks, in what manner, or where.

4.

As the King will maintain the Peace when concluded,
 So for fear lest the *Dutch* should think they're deluded,
 Of them on a sudden he's grown very tender,
 And consents, for their Good, *that they may surrender*
Whate'er has been taken in Flanders this War,
And he'll then yield them back a very good Barr.
 But as for the Title of *States High and Mighty,*
 Which some People use on purpose to fright ye,
The Republick of Holland does properer seem ;
 For Republicks of late are in mighty Esteem.

5.

The King consents likewise, that, instead of Spain,
A Barrier shall for the Empire remain.

6.

Tho Dunkirk was bought by the King pretty dear,
And has cost Mony since, as may plainly appear,
His Majesty's willing however to swear
He'll raze all the Works at the end of the War,
If he may but a proper Equivalent have ;
That is, what his Majesty thinks fit to crave :
But as England, he's told, is now grown so poor,
That for what her King sold for Some Pence and One
Whore,
An Equivalent cannot be rais'd by that Nation,
But shall be refer'd to the Negotiation.

7. Once

Once more by his Faith, an Oath none e'er doubted,
 He swears *in this Peace no Prince shall be outed* :
For he does not expect Charles should be so sullen,
As at last to exclude Bavaria and Cologne.

(made,

Thus you have heard the vast Offers the *Frenchmen* have
 For these Realms, our Allies, and dear *South-Sea Trade* :
 And *Abel* declares, they're return'd very glad
 Of the Civil Reception which there they have had.

So, all you that have Stock, and are mad for a Peace,
 Think of what has been said, and 'twill give your Hearts ease :
 And let all true Churchmen rejoice when they see
 How low the *French* creep to the New Min——y.

*An Excellent New Song, call'd, Mat's
 Peace, or the Downfal of Trade. To
 the good old Tune of Green Sleeves.*

I.

THE News from abroad does a Secret reveal,
 Which has been confirm'd both at *Dover* and *Deal*,
 That one Mr. *Matthews*, once called plain *Mat*,
 Has been doing at *Paris*, the Lord knows what.
 But sure what they talk of his Negotiation,
 Is only intended to banter the Nation :
 For why have we spent so much Treasure in vain,
 If now at the last we must give up *Spain*,
 If now we must give up *Spain* ?

2. Why

2.

Why so many Battles did *Marlborough* win ?
 So many strong Towns why did he take in ?
 Why did he his Army to *Germany* lead,
 The Crown to preserve on the Emperor's Head ?
 Why does he the Honour of *England* advance ?
 And why has he humbled the Monarch of *France*,
 By passing the Lines, and taking *Bouchain* ?
 If now, &c.

3.

Our Stocks were high, and our Credit so good,
 (I mean all the while our late Ministry stood)
 That Foreigners hither their Money did send,
 And Bankers abroad took a pleasure to lend.
 But though all the Service was duly supply'd,
 And nought was *embezzled* or *misapply'd* ;
 By all that wise Management what shall we gain,
 If now, &c.

4.

We made this Alliance, as well it is known,
 That *Austria's* Great House might recover their own :
 King *Charles* is of Part of his Kingdom possess'd,
 And *Bouchain* would quickly fright *France* from the rest.
 For sure the whole Nation by this time must know
 The way to *Madrid* is by *Paris* to go.
 But why have we made such a glorious Campaign,
 If now, &c.

5.

All Treaties with *France* may be sung or be said,
 To-morrow they'll break what to-day they have made ;
 And therefore our Senate did wisely *address*,
 That none should be made whilst they *Spain* did possess.

The

The Queen too to them did last Sessions declare,
That *Spain* ought to be their *particular* Care :
But Speeches, Addresses, and Senates are vain,
If now, &c.

6.

By giving up *Spain*, we give up all our Trade :
In vain would they tell us a Treaty is made
For yielding us Forts in the distant *South-Seas*,
To manage our Traffick with Safety and Ease.

No Lyes are too gross for such impudent Fellows,
Of Forts in the Moon as well they might tell us ;
Since *France* at her pleasure may take them again,
If now, &c.

7.

Some Lords were impeach'd for a famous Partition,
Which kept the Allies in far better Condition ;
For then of *Raw Silk* we were only bereft,
But now neither *Silver* nor *Gold* will be left.

If that Treaty then did Impeachment require,
Sure this calls at least for the Rope or the Fire ;
Since *Britain* had never such cause to complain,
If now, &c.

8.

When *Pett'cum* to *Paris* did openly go,
What Doubts and what Jealousies did we not show ?
How loudly did we against *Holland* exclaim,
Yet surely our Statesmen are now more to blame :
For how can they think our Allies will not fire
At privately sending that *Matchiavel* P——r ?
Who richly deserv'd to be whip'd for his pain,
If now, &c.

9.

Since Matters stand thus, I am sorely afraid,
 Whenever this scandalous Peace shall be made,
 Our Senate for *Cato* will quickly decree
 Some Punishment worse than *a Sting of a Bee*.
 Poor *Mat* in the Pillory soon will be seen ;
 For *M——r* too, Oh ! well had it been
 That he had been pleas'd in his *Hole* to remain,
 If now, &c.

*The French King's Lamentation for the
 Miscarriage of Monsieur Guiscard. Be-
 ing a new Song, to an Excellent new
 Tune, sung at the Opera Theatre in
 Covent-Garden.*

I.

WHEN *Lewis* the Great
 Had heard of the Fate
 Of *Guiscard*, his booted Apostle ;
 Not *Scarron's* Delight,
 His *Maintenon* bright,
 Could allay in his Breast the fierce Bustle.

2.

Sure Monarch, he cry'd,
 Was never so try'd,
 And his Schemes so well laid all defeated :
 For whatever I do,
 Still Fortune's my Foe,
 And like her cast Bully I'm treated.

3. What

3.

What have I not done
 (For the Cause is my own)
 To restore my young Brother Pretender?
 Spar'd Labour nor Cost,
 But all have been lost,
 To impose on their Faith a Defender.

4.

For these nine Years and more,
 It has been my chief Lore,
 To preach up their Church's great Danger :
 Both People and Priest
 Have been caught with the Jest,
 And I aim'd by dividing to change her.

5.

My Troops of the Gown
 With some Hopes have gone on ;
 But alas ! all my Strength and my Cunning,
 Both by Land and by Sea,
 To my sorrow must say,
 Have ended in Beating or Running.

6.

And now when the last
 Of my Schemes, and the best,
 Was ripe, and my Priest on his Mission ;
 To have Plot and Knife broke,
 At the finishing Stroke,
 Is the worst that the Devil could wish one.

7.

Ravillac the Bold,
 And *Faques Clement* of old,
 Each their Catholick Daggers could settle

In the Heart of a King ;
 But my Tool must begin
 Quite wrong, and with Heretick Metal.

8.

And now, as 'tis said,
 He in Pickle is laid,
 And *Marlborough* again comes for *Arras* ;
 Should it prove not a Lye,
 In what a pickle am I !
 For he'll stop not a Mile short of *Paris*.

*The Truth at last. To the Tune of, Which
 no body can deny.*

1.

(near,

COME all ye brave Boys, and High-Churchmen draw
 I'll tell you a Story 'twill delight ye to hear ;

'Tis of Ministers, Changes, Trade, Peace and War.

Which no-body, &c.

2.

Some two Years ago the poor Church, sick at Heart,
 Look'd as wan as if she and her Friends were to part,
 Till a Pulpit-Physician gave a Cast of his Art.

Which, &c.

3.

My Brethren, said he, I think 'tis no wonder
 The Church is in such a sad Case ; Blood and Thunder !
 The Whigs are Triumphant, and we are kept under.

Which, &c.

4. Now

4.

Now I do affirm t' ye, these Men do design
To Un-king the Q——, and keep out the Right Line,
Damn Passive Obedience, and our Right Divine.

Which, &c.

5.

Should their damnable Doctrines be once understood,
That Princes and Priests are but mere Flesh and Blood,
You'll be apt to obey 'em but just while they're good.

Which, &c.

6.

Whereas a good Subject and Christian, ye know,
The more he's abus'd the more loving should grow,
As the Cuff and Cloke-Text most fully does show.

Which, &c.

7.

Let us therefore all join with Heart and with Voice,
To cry down these Rogues, and cry up a new Choice,
So we shall have all the fat Places, brave Boys.

Which, &c.

8.

When the People had heard this Doctrine so found,
Which the Doctor on Proofs and good Profit did found,
They resolv'd, one and all, the *Whigs* to confound.

Which, &c.

9.

How this Doctor was baited, and how he got clear,
What Feats he did since, and were done elsewhere,
No Mortal, that had Ears, that could, but did hear.

Which, &c.

10.

Now as soon as the True Sons of the Church got ground,
You can't think how much better all things were found,
For Mother and Sons look'd fresh, brisk, plump and found.

Which, &c.

11.

Now to prove our dear Mother is out of her Pain,
To Miracle-working she's taken again,
She never wrought such in the late Whiggish Reign.

Which, &c.

12.

You must know, with a Debt of ten Millions at least,
They found the poor Nation most sadly oppress'd;
And if they could pay 't without Mony, 'twas best.

Which, &c.

13.

For this end they gave them a rich *South-Sea* Trade,
And told 'em by that twice as much might be paid;
For who cou'd e'er doubt but 'twas there to be had?

Which, &c.

14.

This coming from One ne'er thought a Deceiver,
Made the Faithful all think the Project was clever;
And surely 'tis Payment to every Believer.

Which, &c.

15.

In another Point too we all settled have been,
That by Passive Obedience and Right Divine,
King *James* was turn'd out, and King *William* brought in.

Which, &c.

†

16. But

But since in true Catholick Paths we have trod,
There's another Position of late grown in Mode,
As true as the rest, tho it seems something odd.

Which, &c.

That a certain great Duke, we have reason to fear,
Has a devilish Design to prolong the War,
As by beating our Foes does most plainly appear.

Which, &c.

For this very reason, Brave *Hill* and *Ar——le*
Have done nothing yet, tho abroad a great while,
Since Projects of Peace all Fighting does spoil.

Which, &c.

However, if any more Conquests we need,
Each Hero, no doubt, to *Quebec* and *Madrid*,
With equal Dispatch and Success will proceed.

Which, &c.

But now, God be thank'd, the War's near an end,
If on what Great Ones say Little Ones may depend;
For Old *Lewis* himself is grown our fast Friend.

Which, &c.

The razing of *Dunkirk* to us is well meant,
If we can but find an Equivalent,
And his Word, we know, is worth Millions *per Cent*.

Which, &c.

22.

For whatever Notions some People maintain,
 King *Charles* and his Allies are Gainers, 'tis plain;
 For we give poor *Phil.* nought but th' *Indies* and *Spain.*
Which, &c.

23.

May all Quarrels at home and abroad then cease,
 May the High-Church flourish, and Low-Church decrease,
 For the Abbot has brought a good Protestant Peace.
Which, &c.

24.

May we all wish the Queen wou'd enliven our Hearts,
 By giving our Friends their proper Deserts,
 We know who'd enjoy Axes, Halts, and Carts.
Which no-body can deny.

*The Soldiers Lamentation for the Loss of
 their General. In a Letter from the
 Recruiters in London, to their Friends
 in Flanders. To the Tune of, To you,
 fair Ladies, &c.*

1.

TO you, dear Brothers, who in vain
 Have curb'd the Pride of *France*,
 And over *Flanders* fruitful Plain
 Made *Monfieurs* skip and dance;
 We send the News of Grief and Woe,
 You've lost your Gallant *Marlborough*.
With a fa, la, la, la, la, la, la,

2.

Resolv'd to conquer once again,

We came to raise Recruits :

But to what purpose serve our Pains,

If this be all the Fruits ?

Since *Marlb'rough* must no more command,

We can't do better than disband.

With a fa, la, &c.

3.

Ambitious *Lewis* thought by War

All *Europe* to enslave,

But Heaven with indulgent Care

To us Great *Marlb'rough* gave ;

To fight 'gainst Popish Tyranny,

For Laws, Religion, Liberty.

With a fa, la, &c.

4.

Near strong *Nimeguen's* well-wall'd Town

We first heard War's Alarms ;

And there we made the *Frenchmen* own

The Force of *English* Arms.

No Town, no Castle, could withstand,

Where Valiant *Marlb'rough* did command.

With a fa, la, &c.

5.

When, false as proud, *Bavaria* grown

By thriving Treason great,

The *Roman* Eagles had o'erthrown,

And forc'd them to retreat ;

The sinking Empire's Hopes were lost,

Till *Marlb'rough* brought his conquering Host.

With a fa, la, &c.

6.

First, *Schellenberg* in Blood embru'd,
 His eager Valour try'd ;
 Where they who Eagles had subdu'd,
 By Lyons Fury dy'd.
French and *Bavarians* all did yield
 In fatal *Blenheim's* Glorious Field.
 With a fa, la, &c.

7.

In *Flanders* then, the Traitor Duke,
 By Spite alone made Brave,
 A valiant Resolution took,
 And fairly Battel gave :
 But Flight once more his Honour stains,
 In fam'd *Ramilly's* bloody Plains.
 With a fa, la, &c.

8.

Altho Brave *Marlb'rough's* generous Care
 His faithful Soldiers spar'd ;
 Yet all the strongest Towns of War
 In vain 'gainst him were barr'd :
 In thrice three Days he forc'd *Ostend*,
 Which *Spain* could scarce at three Years end,
 With a fa, la, &c.

9.

Hereat the Grand Monarch perplex'd,
 By Force not like to thrive,
 With treacherous *Ghent* and *Bruges* next
 A Project did contrive :
 But all their great Designs were marr'd,
 By meeting him at *Oudenarde*.
 With a fa, la, &c.

10. *Brussels*

10.

Brussels to save, both fair and fast,
 From base Bavaria's Might,
 The guarded Scheld was to be pass'd,
 Ev'n in their Army's fight :
 But soon the Frenchmen all were flown,
 When noble Marlborough led us on.
 With a fa, la, &c.

11.

But O ! the Wonders which were seen
 At Blangies drench'd in Blood,
 Where Men entrench'd up to the Chin,
 As in a Castle stood :
 Led on by Marlborough the Great,
 Even there the Britons storm'd and beat.
 With a fa, la, &c.

12.

Behind their stronger Lines they got
 Last Year encamp'd again,
 But there he pass'd without a Shot,
 And took the strong Bouchain.
 So would he beat 'em o'er and o'er,
 Could Villars stand at every Door,
 With a fa, la, &c.

13.

Brave Leader, with such vast Success
 By bounteous Heaven crown'd,
 Who can your valiant Acts rehearse,
 Or Praises justly sound ?
 Who ne'er your back turn'd to your Foes,
 Nor from a Town untaken rose.
 With a fa, la, &c.

14. But

14.

But who for *British* Honour will,
 Or Safety more take heed,
 Since he who goes *French* Blood to spill,
 Himself at home must bleed?
 Who *Popish* *Lewis* has undone,
 By *Jews* and *Turks* is overthrown.
With a fa, la, &c.

15.

Ungrateful *England* fav'd from Harms
 By Heroes most renown'd,
 Who for their matchless Deeds of Arms
 Have with Affronts been crown'd.
 So far'd it once with great *Nassau*,
 So fares it now with *Marlborough*.
With a fa, la, &c.

16.

Should *Anjou* now his Crown forgo,
 We still should Losers be;
 Yea, should he give the *Indies* too,
 Still more than that was He:
 If neither, then in him we must
 Have more than twice the *Indies* lost.
With a fa, la, &c.

17.

No more melodious Hautboys now,
 Or warlike Trumpets sound,
 Take off the Wreaths from ev'ry Brow,
 Your Arms and Laurels ground:
 And you who now lie round *Bouchain*,
 Haste to *Nimeguen* back again.
With a fa, la, &c.

18. Let

Let *Lewis* give the Peace we crave,
 'Tis plain we have been beat;
 A greater Blow we could not have,
 'Tis high time to retreat:
 For since we're of our Head bereft,
 No hopes but in our Heels are left.
With a fa, la, &c.

And thou, brave *Eugene*, with him join'd
 In Conquest, and in Love;
 Your former Friendship bear in mind,
 And mourn his sad Remove.
 What tho your Glory's Partner's gone,
 Persist to conquer now alone.
With a fa, la, &c.

'Tis true, his Foes have gain'd their Ends,
 It cannot be deny'd;
 But neither *France's* Slaves nor Friends
 His Name can lay aside:
 True *English* Hearts will still proclaim
 Great *Marlb'rough's* with great *Eugene's* Fame.
With a fa, la, &c.

A New Song.

1.

WHENAS Queen *Robin* rul'd this Land,
 Both Knave and Queen was he;
 The surest Card in *Perkin's* hand,
 And last Trick of *Lewi*'.

2.

Nine Groats of these same Two were won,
 E'er *Robin* came in play;
 All Nine upon the Hedge he hung,
 And trick'd the Game away.

3.

But Laws, and Sayings dark, apart,
 I of this Knave do mean,
 Some Notices for to impart,
 And so God save the Queen.

4.

A four Fanatick was he bred,
 And rais'd a Psalm full high:
 (As he begun, O may he end
 With that same Melody!)

5.

But hence, as Insects take to wing
 All in the Month of *June*;
 Within the Moon of *Midsummer*
 This Sect'ry chang'd his Tune.

6. Incon-

6.

Incontinent, to Mother Church
 He made his next advance ;
 And, as the nearest way to *Rome*,
 He took the Road of *France*.

7.

An Head he had, as Round as Long,
 Nor was the World more full :
 (O, as That is, so may it be
 Fast fix'd upon a Pole !)

8.

All Sciences were crouded there,
 Opinions old and new ;
 Religions of all sorts at Jar,
 The False, and eke the True.

9.

But Quirks and Tricks, high Politicks,
 O ! there in chief did reign ;
 Where, without Credit, Funds he rais'd,
 And Credit without Coin.

10.

Of War and Peace, of Wealth and Trade,
 His Schemes are always new ;
 And must succeed, as at *Quebec*,
 At home, and in *Peru*.

11.

So great in Metaphysicks he,
 And Numbers so profound,
 That Church and State he could, at will,
 Divide, and eke compound.

12.

A Conjuror he was also,
 And with his Wand so small,
 He *London* join'd to *Edinburgh*,
 And both unto *Versaille*.

13.

The Dæmon of our Publick Debts,
 That haunted us full sore ;
 He conjur'd, far beyond the *Red*,
 Unto the *South-Sea* Shore.

14.

At one strong Charm of his, it flew,
 Like Leaves before the Wind ;
 O ! never to return again,
 A Reck'ning-place to find.

15.

Three Hundred Men he kept in Pay,
 Two Legs apiece they had ;
 All Passive at Command were they,
 No Spaniels better bred.

16.

He taught 'em to leap o'er his Wand,
 For King, and eke for Queen ;
 They over came at his Command,
 And then about again.

17.

P——rs by the Dozen he could pack,
 Against our antient Rights ;
 And, with our Laws, found out the knack
 To ease us of our Wits.

18. But

But, soon or late, with those retriev'd,
 (For more need not be said)
 Queen *Robin* will much higher be,
 Or shorter by the Head.

First Part.

1.

FAction is ripe,
 And Libels are stirring,
 Scandal is spread about every where :
 Some too will tell you,
 Protestant Breeding
 Soon will be taught the *Welsh* Chevalier.
Hannover, Hannover,
 Scorn to surrender,
 Fast as you can over,
 Baulk the Pretender,
 Blaze out in Glory ;
 Millions are for you,
 Which when they're call'd for,
 Will all appear.

2.

Lewis, tho bang'd
 For ten Years together,
 Brags of a Battel he lately has won :
 Famous *Eugene*,
 For want of his Brother,
 Fails to perform what he had begun.
Hannover, &c.

Second

Second Part.

1.

OUR Laws and our Commerce
Seem to be sinking ;

France gains Advantages every day :

State-Tricksters cabal,

And daily are thinking

Britain to *Bourbon* how to convey.

Hannover, Hannover,

Quickly advance, Sir ;

Defy the Pretender,

And Tyrant of *France*, Sir.

Rush forth with Glory,

Arm'd without Fear ;

Legions are for you,

And they'll appear.

2.

Alliances broke,

Our best Friends ill treated,

False to the Treaties we've made with the *Dutch* :

Yet, Great Sir, believe

You'll not be defeated,

Tho the Treason is form'd by the Snakes of the Church.

Hannover, &c.

3.

There's *Hamet* of old,

By teaching a Pidgeon,

Of Priestcraft and Pow'r dy'd greatly possess'd :

E'er

E'er since we despise
 The Cry of Religion;
 Politick Piety's always a Jest.
Hannover, &c.

A Tale of a Tarr. A New Ballad.

1.

A Tight and Trim Vessel
 As ever ye knew,
 Was mann'd Stem and Stern
 With a trusty stout Crew.

2.

The Captain was held
 By his Lads in Esteem;
 And he, honest Man,
 Was as tender of them.

3.

No fatal Mistrustings
 Aboard 'em prevail'd;
 In Concord they anchor'd,
 In Concord they sail'd.

4.

Till a turbulent Tarr,
 As at Yard-Arm need hang,
 In Ill-will to the Captain
 Dumbfounded the Gang.

G

5. Sug-

5.

Suggesting from Round-Top,
 With Nonsense and Anger,
 That, beset by false Friends,
 The Ship was in danger.

6.

Tho but few days before,
 On Deck they'd been told,
 The next Tool who said so
 Should be surely Keel-haul'd.

7.

Now the Cause ye must know
 Of all this loud Pudder,
 Was to work in some Folks
 To Posts at the Rudder :

8.

Who might by that means,
 Their whole Aim being for't,
 More insensibly tack
 To the Enemy's Port ;

9.

Where lurks a Pretender,
 Prepar'd to their hand,
 To toss o'er-board the Captain,
 And seize the Command.

10.

So that true-hearted Sailors
 Should be the more ready,
 By a careful Look-out,
 To keep matters steady.

11.

This Delinquent o' course then
 Was brought to the Mast,
 To fix or wipe off
 All the Dirt he had cast.

12.

Where with confident Look,
 To save his dear Bacon,
 He call'd God to witness
 They all were mistaken :

13.

That the false Friends he meant,
 Either fore Ship or aft,
 Were the Winds and the Waves ;
 And then saucily laugh.

14.

This Jesuit Banter
 Amusing the Crew,
 In the Captain's own face
 They with Mutiny flew :

15.

Joining *Tar's* Health and his,
 In their scandalous Flip,
 And firing Broad-sides
 Around the poor Ship.

16.

Unmerited Grace,
 Tho condemn'd, he thus had ;
 The few Wise shook their Heads,
 More Blockheads huzza'd.

*A Choice New Song, call'd, She-Land,
and Robinocracy. To all sorts of
Tunes.*

1.

S*HE-LAND*, the Praise of all the Earth,
Surrounded by the Waves,
Has Thriving Land upon the East,
On South the Land of Slaves.

2.

The West and North has Shelves and Rocks,
And Islands near the Shore;
The People rich in Trading Stocks
Of old, but now grown poor.

3.

This Country once had Famous Laws,
And Liberty did boast;
But now o'er-run by Cackling Daws,
Their Property is lost.

4.

Their Government of yore well pois'd,
Secur'd the Folks from Thrall;
But *ROBINOCRACY*, at last,
Spoil'd and confounded all.

5.

'Tis fram'd of knavish cunning Tricks,
Hypocrisy and Fraud;
The State loves *Gaulish* Politicks,
The Church the Schemes of *Land*.

†

6. Some

6.

Some call it boundless *Monarchy*,
 But *Gunarchy*'s the Name ;
 Or rather Lawless *Anarchy*,
 Of Governments the Shame.

7.

Sometimes a King, sometimes a Queen,
 A Serving-Man, or Maid :
 A Pimp or Baud do rule this Land,
 Just as the Plot is laid.

8.

For *ROBINOCRACY* consists
 In getting Pow'r and Gold,
 By any Method that one lists,
 Which for the time will hold.

9.

One Day a Saint, the t'other Fiend,
 Now true, and then a Knave ;
 Boist'rous sometimes, at others kind,
 But all the Game to save.

10.

Camelion-like it takes each Hue,
 Puts on all Shapes and Sizes ;
 Brings every Month a Scheme that's new,
 But Constancy despises.

11.

Religion a meer Stalking-Horse,
 Is in this Region made ;
 'Tis *High*, or *Low*, or *None*, that's worse,
 Just as the Priests are paid,

12.

Those venal Souls, puff'd up with Pride,
 Do claim a Power Divine,
 The Laymens Backs to mount and ride,
 At which none must repine.

13.

The Firsts and Tenths are not enough
 The Clergy's Paunch to fill;
 Two Thirds at least their Bags must stuff,
 Or else they take it ill.

14.

The Church in Danger is, they cry,
 When Priests are not in Power,
 The Laymens Souls in Hell to fry,
 And Substance to devour.

15.

The *Monarchy's* undone, they say,
 And *Commonwealth* takes place,
 Unless the High-Priests bear the Sway,
 And guide the Royal Race.

16.

Thus *Bob* did teach the Fools to prate,
 Till he had gain'd his Ends,
 Which were the chief Posts of the State;
 And then he bilk'd his Friends.

17.

They clamour'd loud he was unjust,
 Swore he betray'd their Cause;
 And as he serv'd the *Blackbirds* first,
 So now he serv'd the *Daws*.

18. They

18.

They lov'd to build on Steeples high,
 And 'bove the Clouds to soar,
 Controul'd by none but York's Magpy,
 Yet still they are plagu'd with more.

19.

The *Eaglet* of a Roman Breed
 They hop'd for long ago ;
 But a *She-Vulture* in his stead,
 Continues all their Woe.

20.

By *ROBINOCRACY*, cry they,
 We're ruin'd and undone ;
 The *Blackbirds* did the Dad betray,
 And *Bob* will cheat the Son.

21.

He hugs the Sister O———*rp*,
 And fumbles her a-bed ;
 Curse on the Leacher's *Gunarchy*,
 And on his S——S—— Trade.

22.

Welsh'd and damn'd the Rebel Whigs,
 Until we pull'd them down ;
 And now we are chous'd by Tory Prigs,
 Our Cause who dare not own ?

23.

Or rather would the Saddle keep
 Since they are got astride ;
 We'll call the *Chevalier* o'er the Deep,
 And force the Rogues to hide.

24.

Ox——d alone shall not bear Rule,
 And act the Part of *Noll* ;
 We'll bait and hunt the Trait'rous Tool
 To M——r's great Hole.

25.

The Whigs mean time do laugh and sneer,
 As they those Feuds discover ;
 And hope the Clouds at last will clear,
 In favour of H——ver.

26.

Then *Jacks* and *Tories* both shall run
 To *Rome*, or else *St. Germain* ;
 And in *She-Land* we shan't have one
 Of that base sort of *Vermin*.

*Queen Elizabeth's Day : or the Downfall
 of the Devil, Pope, and Pretender.
 To the Tune of Bonny Dundee.*

1.

LET'S sing to the Mem'ry of Glorious Queen *Bess*,
 Who long did the Hearts of her Subjects possess,
 And whose mighty Actions did to us secure
 Those many great Blessing which now endure :
 For she then did lay that solid Foundation,
 On which our Religion is fix'd in this Nation ;
 For Popery was put into utter Disgrace,
 And Protestantism set up in its place.

2. But

2.

But could she have liv'd as a Looker-on,
 Until this good Time, to see how she's out-done ;
 She must have acknowledg'd, that nothing she dar'd,
 Could be with the present great Actions compar'd :
 For altho she did reign in Times that were evil,
 She neither did seize the Pope or the Devil,
 Nor save the Priests or Pretender from Flame,
 Nor Right unto any such Images claim.

3.

But now, God be thanked, we know what we do,
 Which many wise Governments never did know ;
 For we have discover'd a damn'd Whiggish Plot,
 To burn the Pope, and the Devil knows what,
 Besides the Pretender, and four Jesuits,
 Four Cardinals also, and four other Priests ;
 In all, fifteen Images, made up of Straw,
 Which are not allow'd by any known Law.

4.

And therefore a Council was call'd, for to know
 What in this Conjunction was fit for to do ;
 And after a long and a learned Debate,
 Orders were given to a Secretary of State,
 That he should a Messenger at Dead of Night send,
 With some Grenadiers, to secure and defend
 These dangerous Figures from Fighting and Thrall,
 And lodg them in's Office adjoining *Whitehall*.

5.

Where will sit a Committee t' enquire the Reason,
 And know if the Pris'ners are guilty of Treason ;
 Who made the fine Clothes ; and if by any Law
 They dared to make such Statues of Straw :

And

And if they cannot prove themselves innocent,
 Oh then they'll be had before the P——nt ;
 And Justice will there be impartially had,
 Which will make the Nation rejoice and be glad.

*The Thanksgiving: A New Protestant
 Ballad. To an excellent Italian Tune.*

1.

LET'S sing to the Ministry's Praise,
 With Hearts most thankful and glad,
 For the Statesmen of these our Days
 Are the wisest that ever we had.

2.

But not to wander too far
 In the Maze of their endless Merit,
 I'll give you an instance most rare
 Of their Vigilance, Wisdom, and Spirit.

3.

They heard on Queen *Bess's* Birth-Day,
 The Prentices had an intent
 The old Protestant Gambol to play,
 Which Churchmen, they thought, should prevent.

4.

The Frolick it seems was no less
 Than to carry about in Procession
 A Pope in ridiculous Dress,
 And to burn it by way of Diversion.

+

5. Besides,

5.

Besides, these turbulent Folk
 (Than their Ancestors much more uncivil)
 To their Pageant had added the Joke,
 Of a *Perkin*, and eke of a *Devil*.

6.

With Cardinals, Jesuits, Fryars,
 A Cart-load together at least,
 Intended to crown the Bonfires;
 A very unfeas'nable Jest.

7.

For sure there could be no Sense,
 When a *Peace* is coming upon us,
 T' affront such a powerful Prince
 As the *Pope*: why it might have undone us.

8.

Then if the most Christian King
 Should have taken it ill at our hand,
 Such a very unmannerly thing
 Might have put the *Peace* to a stand.

9.

The *Jacobites* next, to be sure,
 Would have ris'n to defend their Master;
 And who could have told where a Cure
 Could be found for such a Disaster?

10.

Besides, it would bear a Doubt,
 Whether burning the *Pope* and the *Devil*,
 Might not be design'd to flout
 At High-Church and Dr. *Sacheverell*.

11. Further-

11.

Furthermore, in these Days of Sin,
 'Twas fear'd by Folks that were hearty,
 A numerous Mob might have been
 Ev'n rais'd for the Devil and's Party.

12.

'Twas therefore expedient found
 To send the Foot-Guards on the Scout,
 To search all the Suburbs round,
 And find the bold Pageant out.

13.

They took it, and as it was fit,
 A Magistrate Wise and Great
 The Criminals straight did commit,
 That the Law might determine their Fate.

14.

Then for Fear of a Rescue by Night,
 At which we should all have been troubled,
 'Twas order'd (and sure that was right)
 That the Guards should be every where doubled.

15.

Besides, that no harm might come nigh us,
 The *Bands* so well *Train'd* were drawn out ;
 And as long as those Heroes stand by us,
 The Devil himself we may rout.

16.

What tho some People did sneer,
 And call 'em the *Pope's Life-Guard* ;
 They stood to their Arms and their Beer
 All Night, and kept Watch and Ward.

17.

So God save our Gracious Queen,
 And her Ministers every one;
 And he that don't say *Amen*,
 Is a Churl, and may let it alone.

18.

The *Hannover* House God preserve,
 And blast the *Pretender's* Hope;
 The *Protestant Cause* let's serve,
 And give to the *Devil* the *Pope*.

*The South-Sea Whim. To the Tune of,
 To you, fair Ladies, now at Land, &c.*

1.

TO you, fair Traders, now ashore,
 We *South-Sea Cullies* write,
 Your kind Compassion to implore,
 This Ditty we indite:
 Pity your Brethren on the Main,
 Compell'd to change our Course in vain.
 With a *fa, la, &c.*

2.

We are a wretched motly Crew,
 More various than the Weather,
 Made up of Debtors old and new,
 Jumbled and tack'd together;
 Tars, Soldiers, Merchants, Transports, Tallies,
 Chain'd in a row like Slaves in Gallies.
 With a *fa, la, &c.*

3. We

3.

We furnish'd Beer, we Guns and Balls,

We Ships or Mony lent,

With *Hemp* enough to serve them all ;

O may it so be spent !

And since his Payments are so few,

Give *Cæsar* what is *Cæsar's* Due.

With a fa, la, &c.

4.

To fetch the Navy Pitch and Tar,

We pass'd the stormy *Sound* :

But now our Debt's postpon'd so far,

We must take t'other Round ;

And e'er we have our own again,

Must shoot the Straits of *Magellan*.

With a fa, la, &c.

5.

And we poor *Grafiers* of the Plain,

Who serv'd them Pork and Beef,

Must take hard Words instead of Gain,

And Charters for Relief ;

For sound good Meat without a Hogo,

They give us Bills on *Terr' del Feugo*.

With a fa, la, &c.

6.

We honest Tars, that oft come home

Without an Arm or Leg,

Must hope no more for Trulls or Rum,

But be content to beg :

Our Wages stopt without Account,

The Crew is all turn'd o'er to *B——t*.

With a fa, la, &c.

7.

Two scurvy Letters, R and Q,
 Did long the Sea infest;
 Made some dispute, and prove their Due,
 But still they paid the rest:
 This sweeping Torrent none can stem,
 We're run aground on O and M.
With a fa, la, &c.

8.

But come, my Lads, together stand,
 Let's suffer this no more:
 Shall we that on the Seas command,
 Be bully'd thus on shore?
 No, no, my Boys, pull th' Helm a-Lee,
 And heave the Rogues into the Sea.
With a fa, la, &c.

On the Jewel in the Tower.

1.

IF what the Tower of London holds,
 Is valu'd for more than its Power;
 Then counting what it now unfolds,
 How wondrous rich is this same Tower?

2.

I think not of the Armory,
 Nor of the Guns and Lions Roar,
 Nor yet the valu'd Library;
 I mean the Jewel in the Tower.

3. This

3.

This Jewel late adorn'd the Court,
 With Excellence unseen before;
 But now being blown upon in sport,
 This Jewel's Case is now the Tower.

4.

State-Lapidaries there have been,
 To weigh, and prove, and look it o'er;
 The very Fashion's worth being seen,
 Th' Intrinsick more than is the Tower.

5.

'Tis not St. George's Diamond,
 Nor any of his Partner's Store;
 It never yet to such belong'd,
 Which sent this Jewel to the Tower.

6.

With thousand Methods they did try it,
 Whose Firmness strengthen'd ev'ry Hour;
 They were not able all to buy it,
 And so they sent it to the Tower.

7.

They would have prov'd it counterfeit,
 That it was right 'twas truly swore;
 But Oaths, nor Words, could nothing get,
 And so they sent it to the Tower.

8.

Its brilliant Brightness none can doubt,
 By Marlborough it was sometimes wore:
 They turn'd the mighty Master out,
 Who turn'd this Jewel into the Tower.

9. These



11.

Now God preserve our Gracious Queen ;
 And for this Glorious Deed,
 May she the Doctor make a Dean
 With all convenient Speed :
 What tho the *Tub* hath *hinder'd* him,
 As common Story tells,
 Yet surely now the *Bandbox*-Whim
 Will help him down to *Wells*.

*The Merchant A-la-mode. To the Tune of
 Which no body can deny.*

1.

Attend and prepare for a Cargo from *Dover*, [over,
 Wine, Silk, Turnips, Onions, with the Peace are come
 Duke d' A——t has brought (make room for a Rover :)
Which no body can deny, deny ; which no body can deny.

2.

A swagg'ring Crew rode on horse-back before him,
 He threw out his Cash, that the Mob might adore him ;
 So Tag-rag and Bob-tail made up the Decorum.
Which, &c.

3.

Our Gr——t Men they bought with Pensions and Tattles,
 Our Gen——l they had hir'd to fight no more Battles,
 And the Rabble they wheedle with Shillings and Rattles.
Which, &c.

4.

The Train is made up with the Scum of *St. Germain*,
Priests, Porters, and Fiddlers, Pimps, Lacqueys and Chairmen,
Who are all the great Whore of *Babylon's* Vermin.

Which, &c.

5.

His House is a Chappel, where the Jesuits range;
'Tis a Court for our Statesmen; and yet, which is strange,
'Tis a Tavern, a Ware-house, a Garden, a Change.

Which, &c.

6.

The Q—— had a Present, we know very well:
But we must to Market, as all Folks can tell;
For they that can buy, they also can sell.

Which, &c.

7.

Here Laymen may prate, and Clergymen fuddle,
The House can provide both Tobacco and Bottle;
They've a Seat for your Bum, and a Pipe for your Noddle.

Which, &c.

8.

But these Parcels of Wine that go by retail
Come unluckily over, to hinder the Sale
Of his Brother D. H——n's Barrels of Ale.

Which, &c.

9.

Here's a number of superfine Onions, which shows
That the Merchant who sells them has ground to suppose
His Trade lay with some that are led by the Nose.

Which, &c.

10. Then

10.

Then out came the Silks, and the musty Brocades,
That the Liv'ry of *France* may be laid on the Maids;
A good Preparation for *Wild-Irish* Plads.

Which, &c.

11.

What a Jumble of Sounds do we hear all together,
From Trumpets and Fiddles, to the Clangs of a Cleaver,
Confounded with Groans of a *Spittle-Field* Weaver.

Which, &c.

12.

To raise up a *Mafs* house they're making great haste;
But when all this Raree-Show Musick is past,
Poor *England* must pay the Piper at last.

Which, &c.

13.

What pity 'tis now that *Gregg* was truss'd up;
Had he liv'd to this time, there was reason to hope
He had come in for a Ribbon, instead of a Rope.

Which, &c.

14.

[Quarter,
The Duke that he wrote to, wou'd have given him fair
And so wou'd the E——l for whom he was Martyr;
But he got the Halter, and R——n the Garter.

Which, &c.

15.

O *Lewis*, at last, thou hast play'd thy best Card,
Lay Heroes aside, and Tricksters reward;
Thou haste got by *d' A——t* what thou lost by *Tallard*.

Which, &c.

16.

Remove all the Wars to *Versailles* and to *Marli*,
 'Tis Fighting more surely, tho somewhat unfairly ;
 What a *Churchil* has won, is restor'd by a *H——y*.
Which, &c.

17.

May the great Hand of Justice now brandish it self
 On 'em all in a lump, from that double-tipp'd Elf
 To the fag-end of Peerage, the last of the Twelve.
Which, &c.

18.

Haste, *Hannover*, over, and rescue our Laws
 From a Rascally Medley of Cowards and Daws,
 Whores, Cuckolds, and Fools, Bawds, Bullies and Beaus.
Which, &c.

The Raree-Show.

1.

HERE be de var Pretty Show just come from *Parie*,
 Me show you, Shentlemans, to make you merry !
 O rare Show, O var pretty Show, who see my fine
 dainty Show ?

2.

Here be de great Spring dat dance the Machine,
 On which the Lo-dores be most plainly seen.
 O rare Show, &c.

3.

Here first me present you with a dismal Disaster,
 De Sarvant be hanged for saying his Master.
 O rare Show, &c.

4. Here

4.

Here be de Great *Marlbro*, who all the World knows,
Was banish'd for faucily beating his Foes.

O rare Show, &c.

5.

Here be de Great Or——d, made Gen——l in season,
Prohibited Fighting, to bring *France* to Reason.

O rare Show, &c.

6.

Here B——tt——n, with Sacred Regard to Alliance,
Breaks Treaties, to strengthen de Bond of Affiance.

O rare Show, &c.

7.

Here be de var fine Politicians dispatched
To *Paris*, to treat of a P——ce da dar hatched.

O rare Show, &c.

8.

Here be de Congrafe all Utrick var noting is brouded,
De Plenipo's meet to do vat is concluded.

O rare Show, &c.

9.

Here be denodar more Pretty Tranfaction,
To give *Lewis* all, gives Allies Satisfaction.

O rare Show, &c.

10.

Here be de Politique Harliquine, mind him,
You never shall twice in the same Posture find him.

O rare Show, &c.

11.

Here be de Addressers to de Trone of Great B——n,
Say Here-da-tory Right will make *Hannover* sit ont.

O rare Show, &c.

12.

Here be de good Prodestante dat loves no Priest Jerkin,
To save his Religion looks to *Lewis* or *Perkin*.

O rare Show, &c.

13.

Here be de wise Politicians that sed it,
Dat sinking of Debts was restoring of Credit.

O rare Show, &c.

14.

Here to preserve de Constitution of *B——n*,
A whole dozen of Lords was made at one sittin.

O rare Show, &c.

15.

Here be de Cabal of Whigs dat are brought on,
A hatching a Plot dat no Soul ever thought on.

O rare Show, &c.

16.

Here be de Fifty Pounds for one of *Paul's* Skrews,
Which had da been all gone, had ne'er hurt de Pews.

O rare Show, &c.

17.

Here be de Five Hundred Pounds for taking *Mac Cartney*;
This must be anodar Plot, de Rewards bid so hearty.

O rare Show, &c.

18.

Here be de Bandbox and Inkhorns, since de good Man sur-
Dis not wort one Brass Fardin to know who contriv'd it.

O rare Show, &c.

19.

Here be de Duc d'*A——nt*'s whole Cellar of Claret
Burnt by de Plot laid as high as de Garret.

O rare Show, &c.

20.

Here be de Five Hundred Pounds for de Letter dat told it,
Tho his Straw Garretteers can most likely unfold it.

O rare Show, &c.

21.

Here be de *Skelton* do no more dan his Licence intended,
By Advertisements and Swearing is nobly defended.

O rare Show, &c.

22.

Here be also de good Folk dat on no Plot did tink,
Until *Skelton* and *Lewis* thus stir'd up a stink.

O rare Show, &c.

23.

Now give a Laarjon, and when me have got 'em,
Me show you the Shevaler *de St. George* at de bottom.

*O rare Show, O var Pretty Show, who see my fine
dainty Show?*

Dare is all, Shentlemans; what say you now?

Huzza! Huzza! Huzza!

Shentlemans I tank you: God blefs you all, from de Pope,
de Devil, and de Pretender, and all de great Rogues in
Engaland.

*The Pedlar. To the Tune of, The Abbot
of Canterbury.*

1.

YE Lads, and ye Lasses, that live in *Great Britain*,
I'll tell you a Story that never was writ on ;
'Tis of a *French* Pedlar, a Pedlar I sing,
Sent over to bubble us by the *French* King.

Derry Down, Down, Down, hey Derry Down.

2.

His Errand, I trow, is to do a small Job,
To make a fine Figure to dazle the Mob :
But this let me tell him, if once his Coin fail,
They'll curse him and his Master for one Pot of Ale.

Derry Down, &c.

3.

Give ear then awhile, to a List of his Ware,
Which, like a true Tradesman, he'll sell you full dear ;
For by fatal Experience we may have been taught,
That the *French* part with nothing but what's dearly bought.

Derry Down, &c.

4.

Then first, he has dainty choice *Burgundy* Wine ;
Next, Store of rich Garments to make you look fine ;
Thus they first make us drunk, then our Pockets they pick ;
Ye confounded *French* Dogs, have you got that Whore's
Trick !

Derry Down, &c.

5. Fine

5.

Fine Cases for Tooth-Picks his Highness brought over,
And curious wrought Tweezers just landed at *Dover* :
Then Snuff-Boxes lined with the Chevalier's Face,
That all his true Vassals may know his good Grace.

Derry Down, &c.

6.

But what Transports of Joy in our Eyes wou'd appear,
Oh ! could we but see the Original here !
What crouding, what running, what riding from far !
I mean, were his Head fix'd upon *Temple-Bar*.

Derry Down, &c.

7.

Next, there's delicate Swords, all inlaid with Gold,
But 'tis only Handles, as I have been told ;
For *Marlborough* taught 'em in nine dismal Years,
That true *English* Blades were far better than theirs.

Derry Down, &c.

8.

Then come my brave *Britons*, be merry and wise,
And since we can beat 'em, their Offers despise ;
For shou'd you not now these Raubles refuse,
Next Year they will offer you their wooden Shoes.

Derry Down, &c.

9.

O Liberty, Liberty, thou art too dear,
For *Britons* to part with thro Folly or Fear !
Then make not your Conscience a specious Pretence
To part with that Jewel, which is its Defence.

Derry Dawn, &c.

10. But

3.

This Jewel late adorn'd the Court,
 With Excellence unseen before;
 But now being blown upon in sport,
 This Jewel's Case is now the *Tower*.

4.

State-Lapidaries there have been,
 To weigh, and prove, and look it o'er;
 The very Fashion's worth being seen,
 Th' Intrinsick more than is the *Tower*.

5.

'Tis not St. *George's* Diamond,
 Nor any of his Partner's Store;
 It never yet to such belong'd,
 Which sent this Jewel to the *Tower*.

6.

With thousand Methods they did try it,
 Whose Firmness strengthen'd ev'ry Hour;
 They were not able all to buy it,
 And so they sent it to the *Tower*.

7.

They would have prov'd it counterfeit,
 That it was right 'twas truly swore;
 But Oaths, nor Words, could nothing get,
 And so they sent it to the *Tower*.

8.

Its brilliant Brightness none can doubt,
 By *Marlb'rough* it was sometimes wore:
 They turn'd the mighty Master out,
 Who turn'd this Jewel into the *Tower*.

9. These



11.

Now God preserve our Gracious Queen ;
 And for this Glorious Deed,
 May she the Doctor make a Dean
 With all convenient Speed :
 What tho the *Tub* hath *hinder'd* him,
 As common Story tells,
 Yet surely now the *Bandbox*-Whim
 Will help him down to *Wells*.

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A swagg'ring Crew rode on horse-back before him,
 He threw out his Cash, that the Mob might adore him ;
 So Tag-rag and Bob-tail made up the Decorum.
Which, &c.

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Our Gr——t Men they bought with Pensions and Tattles,
 Our Gen——l they had hir'd to fight no more Battles,
 And the Rabble they wheedle with Shillings and Rattles.
Which, &c.

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The Train is made up with the Scum of *St. Germain*,
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But we must to Market, as all Folks can tell;
For they that can buy, they also can sell.

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The House can provide both Tobacco and Bottle;
They've a Seat for your Bum, and a Pipe for your Noddle.

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Come unluckily over, to hinder the Sale
Of his Brother D. H——n's Barrels of Ale.

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That the Merchant who sells them has ground to suppose
His Trade lay with some that are led by the Nose.

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That the Liv'ry of *France* may be laid on the Maids;
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What a Jumble of Sounds do we hear all together,
From Trumpets and Fiddles, to the Clangs of a Cleaver,
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But when all this Raree-Show Musick is past,
Poor *England* must pay the Piper at last.

Which, &c.

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What pity 'tis now that *Gregg* was truss'd up;
Had he liv'd to this time, there was reason to hope
He had come in for a Ribbon, instead of a Rope.

Which, &c.

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[Quarter,
The Duke that he wrote to, wou'd have given him fair
And so wou'd the E——l for whom he was Martyr;
But he got the Halter, and R——n the Garter.

Which, &c.

15.

O *Lewis*, at last, thou hast play'd thy best Card,
Lay Heroes aside, and Tricksters reward;
Thou haste got by d' A——t what thou lost by *Tallard*.

Which, &c.

16.

Remove all the Wars to *Versailles* and to *Marli*,
 'Tis Fighting more surely, tho somewhat unfairly ;
 What a *Churchil* has won, is restor'd by a *H——y*.
Which, &c.

17.

May the great Hand of Justice now brandish it self
 On 'em all in a lump, from that double-tipp'd Elf
 To the fag-end of Peerage, the last of the Twelve.
Which, &c.

18.

Haste, *Hannover*, over, and rescue our Laws
 From a Rascally Medley of Cowards and Daws,
 Whores, Cuckolds, and Fools, Bawds, Bullies and Beaus.
Which, &c.

The Raree-Show.

I.

HERE be de var Pretty Show just come from *Parie*,
 Me show you, Shentlemans, to make you merry !
 O rare Show, O var pretty Show, who see my fine
 dainty Show ?

2.

Here be de great Spring dat dance the Machine,
 On which the Lo-dores be most plainly seen.
 O rare Show, &c.

3.

Here first me present you with a dismal Disaster,
 De Sarvant be hanged for saying his Master.
 O rare Show, &c.

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Here be de Great *Marlbro*, who all the World knows,
Was banish'd for faucily beating his Foes.

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Prohibited Fighting, to bring *France* to Reason.

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Breaks Treaties, to strengthen de Bond of Affiance.

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To *Paris*, to treat of a P——ce da dar hatched.

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De Plenipo's meet to do vat is concluded.

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To give *Lewis* all, gives Allies Satisfaction.

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Here be de Politique Harliquine, mind him,
You never shall twice in the same Posture find him.

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Here be de Addressers to de Trone of Great B——n,
Say Here-da-tory Right will make *Hannover* sit ont.

O rare Show, &c.

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Here be de good Prodestante dat loves no Priest Jerkin,
To save his Religion looks to *Lewis* or *Perkin*.

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Here be de wise Politicians that sed it,
Dat sinking of Debts was restoring of Credit.

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Here to preserve de Constitution of *B——n*,
A whole dozen of Lords was made at one sittin.

O rare Show, &c.

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Here be de Cabal of Whigs dat are brought on,
A hatching a Plot dat no Soul ever thought on.

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16.

Here be de Fifty Pounds for one of *Paul's* Skrews,
Which had da been all gone, had ne'er hurt de Pews.

O rare Show, &c.

17.

Here be de Five Hundred Pounds for taking *Mat Cartney*;
This must be anodar Plot, de Rewards bid so hearty.

O rare Show, &c.

18.

Here be de Bandbox and Inkhorns, since de good Man sur-
Dis not wort one Brass Fardin to know who contriv'd it.

O rare Show, &c.

19.

Here be de Duc d'*A——nt*'s whole Cellar of Claret
Burnt by de Plot laid as high as de Garret.

O rare Show, &c.

20.

Here be de Five Hundred Pounds for de Letter dat told it,
Tho his Straw Garretteers can most likely unfold it.

O rare Show, &c.

21.

Here be de *Skelton* do no more dan his Licence intended,
By Advertisements and Swearing is nobly defended.

O rare Show, &c.

22.

Here be also de good Folk dat on no Plot did tink,
Until *Skelton* and *Lewis* thus stir'd up a stink.

O rare Show, &c.

23.

Now give a Laarjon, and when me have got 'em,
Me show you the Shevaler *de St. George* at de bottom.

*O rare Show, O var Pretty Show, who see my fine
dainty Show?*

Dare is all, Shentlemans; what say you now?

Huzza! Huzza! Huzza!

*Shentlemans I tank you: God blefs you all, from de Pope,
de Devil, and de Pretender, and all de great Rogues in
Engaland.*

*The Pedlar. To the Tune of, The Abbot
of Canterbury.*

1.

YE Lads, and ye Lasses, that live in *Great Britain*,
I'll tell you a Story that never was writ on ;
'Tis of a *French* Pedlar, a Pedlar I sing,
Sent over to bubble us by the *French* King.

Derry Down, Down, Down, hey Derry Down.

2.

His Errand, I trow, is to do a small Job,
To make a fine Figure to dazle the Mob :
But this let me tell him, if once his Coin fail,
They'll curse him and his Master for one Pot of Ale.

Derry Down, &c.

3.

Give ear then awhile, to a List of his Ware,
Which, like a true Tradesman, he'll sell you full dear ;
For by fatal Experience we may have been taught,
That the *French* part with nothing but what's dearly bought.

Derry Down, &c.

4.

Then first, he has dainty choice *Burgundy* Wine ;
Next, Store of rich Garments to make you look fine ;
Thus they first make us drunk, then our Pockets they pick ;
Ye confounded *French* Dogs, have you got that Whore's
Trick !

Derry Down, &c.

5. Fine

5.

Fine Cases for Tooth-Picks his Highness brought over,
 And curious wrought Tweezers just landed at *Dover* :
 Then Snuff-Boxes lined with the Chevalier's Face,
 That all his true Vassals may know his good Grace.

Derry Down, &c.

6.

But what Transports of Joy in our Eyes wou'd appear,
 Oh ! could we but see the Original here !
 What crouding, what running, what riding from far !
 I mean, were his Head fix'd upon *Temple-Bar*.

Derry Down, &c.

7.

Next, there's delicate Swords, all inlaid with Gold,
 But 'tis only Handles, as I have been told ;
 For *Marlborough* taught 'em in nine dismal Years,
 That true *English* Blades were far better than theirs.

Derry Down, &c.

8.

Then come my brave *Britons*, be merry and wise,
 And since we can beat 'em, their Offers despise ;
 For shou'd you not now these Baubles refuse,
 Next Year they will offer you their wooden Shoes.

Derry Down, &c.

9.

O Liberty, Liberty, thou art too dear,
 For *Britons* to part with thro Folly or Fear !
 Then make not your Conscience a specious Pretence
 To part with that Jewel, which is its Defence.

Derry Dawn, &c.

10. But

10.

But fill up a Bumper to glorious Queen *Anne*,
 And he that won't pledg it, is no honest Man:
 Then fill up one more to the *Hannover* Line,
 And a fig for the Popish Pretender's Design.

Derry Down, &c.

*A New Ballad, to the Old Tune of,
 Which no body can deny, &c.*

1.

THOU Wit in a Ballad should bite like a Tooth,
 Or else 'twill scarce please our fantastical Youth;
 Yet here shall be nothing but *Dunstable* Truth.
Which no body can deny, &c.

2.

Without further Preface, pray let me unfold
 A Truth my dear Countrymen all shou'd be told;
 That like Sheep in a Pen, they're bought and they're fold.
Which, &c.

3.

To make out this matter as clear as the Sun,
 'Tis needless about many Bushes to run;
 Good People pray look upon what has been done.
Which, &c.

4.

Friends set at defiance, Alliances broke,
 With ten Years Successes destroy'd at a stroke;
 Our Blessings we scorn, and our God we provoke.
Which, &c.

5. Who

5.

Who but Madmen propose Church and State to advance,
By joining in Measures with *Lewis* of *France*,
Who has broke many Oaths besides that of *Nantz*?

Which, &c.

6.

We once thought this Monster fain wou'd us devour,
Till some happy Miracle, some Critical Hour,
Has made us in love with exorbitant Power.

Which, &c.

7.

To render him quite of his Grand Scheme bereft,
We leave *France* in his Right Hand, and *Spain* in his Left:
Were ever two Nations so cleverly cleft?

Which, &c.

8.

Then into the Bargain the *Indies* were hurl'd,
So that e'er seven times round the Sun we are twirl'd,
'Tis odds but he rivets Gold Chains on the World.

Which, &c.

9.

The Ballance of Power must needs be kept streight,
And therefore on one side we cram all the Weight;
For which we may thank a short Neck, tho long Pate.

Which, &c.

10.

Since renouncing the Charm on which we all doat,
The Security's such, by these Presents all know't,
No Banker upon it would lend you a Groat.

Which, &c.

11. Ne'er

11.

Ne'er fear the Pretender's usurping our Throne,
His old Friend will advise him to let that alone;
He may like it himself, and so make it his own.

Which, &c.

12.

Let the Doctor, on whom Fools thought Wise Men too rough,
Ungag, and preach on his nonsensical stuff;
His Hanging can ne'er make Attonement enough.

Which, &c.

13.

The *Alamode Merchant* will do a fine Job,
When, by sprinkling a few loose Corns from his Fob,
He brings *Popery* in by a *Protestant Mob*.

Which, &c.

14.

No longer, ye Sots, for the Church be afraid,
That clamorous Sham may with Safety be laid,
Since *France* has call'd *Mahomet* in to its aid.

Which, &c.

15.

Nor ought *French* and *Turk* to be mention'd alone,
The *Swedes* too as Friends to our Rights must be known,
Tho they have lately surrender'd their own.

Which, &c.

16.

What will Ages to come of the present suppose,
When they curse us for selling our Friends to our Foes,
And for smelling no stink till 'tis thrust up our Nose?

Which, &c.

17.

Are these the sweet Fruits of the Peace which we crave?
Is it thus that the Crown, Church, and Laws we should save?
Man, Woman, and Child to be *Papist* and *Slave*?

Which, &c.

18.

If this of all Treasons is not the most high,
I cannot distinguish a Truth from a Lye,
And am blinder than he who has never an Eye.

Which, &c.

19.

Nor need any further this Ballad to swell,
No more can be in't than the Devil of Hell;
With pleasure the rest let our Enemies tell.

Which, &c.

To the Tane of, There's rare doings at Bath.

1.

PLUMP Cocky and Abigail, Rome to advance,
There's rare doings in Town :

Swig to the Pretender and Monarch of France,

There's, &c.

And drink nought but Ch——y and Prot——t Nantz.

There's, &c.

2.

Old Britain, Old Britain, I fear thou art lost,

There's, &c.

Tho Millions of Mony and Lives thou hast cost :

There's, &c.

He

He or She's the best Subject that tipples the most.

There's, &c.

3.

Bright *Cowper* and *Somers*, both sober and wise,

There's, &c.

Leud *Harry* and *H——ley* are known to despise ;

There's, &c.

Their Vice gives 'em Merit in Somebody's eyes.

There's, &c.

4.

State-Tories and Priests conspire our Fall,

There's, &c.

The Cry of *the Church* serves like the Jackall,

There's, &c.

To the Lion, when *Perkin* is pleased to call.

There's, &c.

5.

Laws, Liberties, Gospel, he soon will devour,

There's, &c.

And cage our good Bishops once more in the *Tower* :

There's, &c.

Poor *Britain*, thou'rt gone from this very hour.

There's, &c.

6.

Adieu and farewell most Illustrious *Han——r* ;

There's, &c.

Th' Ambassador *Lewis* did lately send over,

There's, &c.

Told us, *Perkin* wou'd come with an Action of Trover.

There's, &c.

7. Oh

7.

Oh Britons, dear Britons, I wish you no Ill,
There's, &c.

Of Tory Devices you'll soon have your fill;
There's, &c.

And they'll give you away by Dint of a Will.
There's, &c.

8.

It's all come to nothing that Great Nassau did;
There's, &c.

Those People are fit for a Slabbering-Bibb,
There's, &c.

That by Tories and Priests will be thus basely rid.
There's rare Doings in Town.

To the Tune of Chivy-Chace.

1.

G O D bless our Gracious Sovereign *Anne*;
 I mean for to rehearse

The noble Actions if I can,
 Of her Great Men, in Verse.

2.

A Ballad to their Merit may
 Most justly then belong;

For why, they've given all away,
 To *Lewis* for a Song.

3. Now

3.

Now in the Tale that I'm about,
 'Tis proper to begin
 With telling you, if I'm not out,
 How first these Folks got in.

4.

They cry'd the Dangers of the Church,
 Which did so near surround her ;
 If Tories left her in the lurch,
 The Whigs wou'd quite confound her.

5.

Beside that we were grown so poor,
 The War had cost so much ;
 And all that we were fighting for,
 Was to enrich the *Dutch*.

6.

They said the Duke of *Marlborough*
 The War wou'd never end ;
 For while he always beat our Foe,
 How cou'd they e'er be Friends ?

7.

'Tis not the means, these Folks did say,
 To make all Discord cease ;
 But not to strike a Blow's the way
 To make a lasting Peace.

8.

When thus by raising Discontent,
 Their Tricks they did prevail ;
 For Peace unto the *Hague* they sent
 My good Lord P—— S——.

+

9. To

9.

These are the Marks upon it found,
 King *William's* Crest it bears before,
 And Liberty's engraven round,
 Tho now confin'd within the *Tower*.

10.

Not *France* in it an Interest has,
 Nor *Spain* with all its Golden Ore;
 For to the Queen and High Allies,
 Belongs this Jewel in the *Tower*.

11.

The Owners modestly reserv'd
 It in a decent *Norfolk* Bower,
 And scarce yet think it has deserv'd
 The *Cæsar's* Honour of the *Tower*.

12.

The Day shall come to make amends,
 This Jewel shall with Pride be wore;
 And o'er his Foes, and with his Friends,
 Shine glorious bright out of the *Tower*.

H

*A Welcome to the Medal : or an Excellent
New Song, call'd, The Constitution
Restor'd, in 1711. To the Tune of
Mortimer's Hole.*

1.

LET's joy in the Medal with *James* the Third's Face,
And the *Advocates* that pleaded for him ;
Tho the Nation renounces the whole Popish Race,
Great *Lewis* of *France* will restore him.
La, la, &c.

2.

Health to the new Col'nels and Captains so pretty,
With *Silk* and the rest of the Train, Sir ;
Who play'd thro the City, the High-Church-Mens Ditty,
The King shall his own have again, Sir.
La, la, &c.

3.

What tho we did swear to the Protestant Heir,
And roundly abjur'd the Pretender ;
Our Oaths must give place to the True Royal Race,
Or our High Faith will want a Defender.
La, la, &c.

4.

Who would not rejoice at a Turn of the State,
Which rescu'd our Old Constitution ?
From that happy Period we joyfully date
The Fall of the Curs'd Revolution.
La, la, &c.

+

5. To

5.

To begin with *Resistance*, *Sachev'rell* did say,
 'Tis the *Doctrine of Devils and Hell*, Sir :
 But *Passive Obedience* does now bear the Sway,
 As the *Wise Irish Bishops* can tell, Sir.

La, la, &c.

6.

Hereditary Right, which sav'd *James* the Just
 From the damnable *Bill of Exclusion*,
 Will bring in his Son, as *High-Churchmen* do trust,
 To the *Hannover House's Confusion*.

La, la, &c.

7.

And to shew that the *Jacobite Interest* rises,
 To *High-Churchmens* great *Consolation*,
 The *Pretender's Medals* do bear double *Prizes*,
 And his *Friends* are in high *Reputation*.

La, la, &c.

8.

While thus our brave *Priesthood*, with vigilant *Care*,
 Our *Factions* and *Ferments* do nourish;
 Old *Lewis* is sure to succeed in the *War*,
 And his *Grandson's Scepter* must flourish.

La, la, &c.

9.

The *Dutch* shall be ruin'd, the *Whigs* shall be damn'd,
 And *Austria's House* be confounded ;
 The *Gaul* shall rejoice, while our *Allies* are sham'd,
 And our *Quarrels* with *France* are compounded.

La, la, &c.

10.

Now *Pr——r* and *M——re*, with Pistoles in great store,
 From *France* are arrived at *Dover* ;
 And *Abel* may roar, till his Lungs are quite fore,
 That there can be no need of *Hannover*.
La, la, &c.

11.

Great Treaties like ours, must infallibly bear,
 Since the Persons employ'd are so *Able* ;
 Tho one was a *Drawer*, and t'other, some swear,
 Was the politick *Groom of a Stable*.
La, la, &c.

12.

Yet they're guided by one, who is very well known,
 And a thorow-pac'd Statesman is reckon'd ;
 In the *Radnor* Address the Whigs he knock'd down,
 With the 12th of King Charles the Second.
La, la, &c.

13.

Thus bravely he fights their leud Bill of Rights,
 And baffles their damn'd Revolution ;
 By Statutes repeal'd, Non-Resistance he heal'd,
 And to High-Church he gave Absolution.
La, la, &c.

14.

Wide open to all a Subscription-Book stands,
 With some Advocates at *Edinburgh* ;
 Where *Perkin's* true Friends do set to their Hands,
 If he'll come, they'll receive him to-morrow.
La, la, &c.

15. Good

15.

Good Mr. *Dundas* has giv'n him a Pass,
 The Kingdom of *Scotland* to enter ;
 And the *Dutchess* of *Gordon*, that brave Popish Lass,
 Does swear by the Mass he may venture.
La, la, &c.

16.

By such great Examples all People will find,
 That the *Jacobites* are in no peril
 For the Prince at *St. Germain's*, to speak out their Mind,
 Or to drink a full Bumper to *Sorrel*.
La, la, &c.

17.

Thus *Lesley* and *Hickes*, with their politick Tricks,
 Have gain'd on the Sense of the Nation ;
 The Dissenters are troubled, to find themselves bubbled,
 For *Indulgence* is no *Toleration*.
La, la, &c.

18.

Their Barns are burnt down, and their Teachers are damn'd,
 For preaching in Tubs without Orders ;
 The silly Low-Church will be left in the lurch,
 And the *Scotch* Kirk drove out of our Borders.
La, la, &c.

19.

Let Schismatics pine, let Republicans whine,
 And henceforth abandon these Nations ;
 While Tories rejoice, and cry with one Voice,
Obedience without Limitations.
La, la, &c.

20.

Let our Trade go to wreck, and all our Stocks sink,
 While our High-Church rides safe from all Danger;
 Since Land's above Mony, we have reason to think
 The Q——'s Brother will conquer the Stranger.

La, la, &c.

21.

Let the Whigs that love Trade, the *South-Seas* invade,
 And there we will give 'em *Debentures*
 For the Mony they've lent, till the whole Sum be spent,
 And a Sponge wipe out all their Adventures.

La, la, &c.

22.

They shall have for Director their *German* Elector,
 Who certainly will not play booty;
 He's too much in the Stock, the Project to shock,
 Good Princess *Sophia* adieu t' ye.

La, la, &c.

*A Song for King William's Birthday.
 To the Tune of Lillibullero.*

1.

LET's sing the Brave Hero, whom Heav'n did ordain
 To quell wicked Tyrants, and Nations set free;
 Who humbled proud *Lewis*, and cut thro the Chain
 That he made for People of ev'ry degree.

Hero, Hero, sing the Brave Hero,

William the Glorious, the Gallant Nassau;

The Hero who sav'd us, when James had enslav'd us,

The Hero who sav'd our Religion and Law.

2. *French*

2.

French Lewis did league with Popish King *James*,
 The Protestants all o'er the World to destroy ;
 The *Tyber* did threaten to swallow the *Thames*,
 That Papists our Posts and Estates might enjoy.
Hero, Hero, &c.

3.

King *James* did us threaten with his *Irish* Host,
 And Papists on Church, State, and Armies obtrude ;
 The Jesuits, and *Rome's* other Leaches, did boast
 That they should be glutted with Heretick Blood.
Hero, Hero, &c.

4.

King *James* sent our Protestant Bishops to Tower,
 And all our good Clergy had *Smithfield* in view ;
 Great Swarms of *Rome's* Locusts did hope to devour
 Those who to Religion prov'd stedfast and true.
Hero, Hero, &c.

5.

King *James*, for advancing his Catholick Cause,
 Our Colleges, Benches, and Pulpits, did fill
 With Papists, that so our Religion and Laws
 Might both be new-model'd, and turn'd to his Will.
Hero, Hero, &c.

6.

King *James* seiz'd our Charters, and garbled our Towns,
 That he might have Parliaments at his command ;
 Our Lords and our Gentry, by Bribes or by Frowns,
 He would have persuaded for Popery to stand.
Hero, Hero, &c.

7.

James, Cut-throats made Judges, and Juries did pack,
That he might dispose of Estates and of Lives;
And that all might be ready the Nation to wreck,
His Priests were to stallion our Daughters and Wives.

Hero, Hero, &c.

8.

By Whippings and Tortures, exorbitant Fines,
Knives, Axes, and Halters, and wresting of Law;
James murder'd our Laymen, and lash'd our Divines,
And swore he would keep us for ever in awe.

Hero, Hero, &c.

9.

The Nation no longer the Tyrant could bear,
But bravely resolv'd for Great *Orange* to call;
Even those who to Passive Obedience did swear,
Sent for him to rescue the Kingdom from Thrall.

Hero, Hero, &c.

10.

The Tyrant alarm'd, like a Coward did quake,
As soon as he heard that brave *William* would come;
He cring'd and he flatter'd, he own'd his Mistake,
And promis'd our Rights to restore all and some,

Hero, Hero, &c.

11.

But *James*, when inform'd that a Tempest dispers'd
Part of the *Dutch* Fleet, he did alter his Mind;
His Promises, old and new, were revers'd,
For Oaths made to Hereticks never can bind.

Hero, Hero, &c.

12. The

12.

The Gallant *Nassau*, when the Wind turn'd about,
 Pursu'd his Design, and in *Britain* did land ;
 When *James* march'd against him with his Popish Rout,
 And at *Salisbury-Plain* he did threaten a Stand.

Hero, Hero, &c.

13.

Our Protestant Troops and Commanders then saw,
 That *James* at the Nation's Destruction did aim ;
 Abandon'd by Daughters, and both Sons-in-Law,
 To stand by him longer they thought it a Shame.

Hero, Hero, &c.

14.

The Tyrant's Heart ak'd, and his Nose it did bleed,
 So *James* thought it proper his Flight to begin ;
 Then back he did gallop with Horse at full Speed,
 And soon was pull'd down from the Throne for his Sin.

Hero, Hero, &c.

15.

Thus *Orange*, like *Cesar*, came, saw, and did conquer ;
 His Foes were dispers'd like a Mist by the Wind :
 And *James* went to *France* with his Warming-Pan Younker,
 O that he had left ne'er a Tory behind !

Hero, Hero, &c.

16.

Let's sing the brave Prince who *Great Britain* did save,
 And rescu'd her Darling, the Glorious Queen *Anne* ;
 Whom Papists and Tories would send to her Grave,
 And adopt *Dada's* Brat from the *French* Warming-Pan.

Hero, Hero, &c.

17. Let's

17.

Let's sound *William's* Fame, and his Mem'ry advance
 In Songs of high Triumph, again and again :
 The Hero who lower'd the Ambition of *France*,
 And neither allow'd her the *Indies* nor *Spain*.
Hero, Hero, &c.

18.

May *Hannover* prosper, whom Great *William* chose
 To finish what he and Brave *Anne* had begun ;
 As we drove out King *James*, spite of *Lewis's* Nose,
 Let's keep the true Daughter, and hang the false Son.
Hero, Hero, &c.

19.

For the Youngster, to prove himself of the Right Line,
 King *James*, in whatever was bad, will exceed ;
 And then it is easy for us to divine,
Hannover's Protection we sadly shall need.
Hero, Hero, &c.

20.

Then curs'd be those Priests, and those Laymen to boot,
 That with this Succession so gladly would part ;
 May our Laws them pursue, and cut off Branch and Root,
 While *Hannover's* nearest her Majesty's Heart.
Hero, Hero, sing the Brave Hero,
William the Glorious the Gallant Nassau ;
Who that he might save us from those who'd enslave us,
Hannover's Succession establish'd by Law.

*The Royal Health. To the Tune of, All
Joy to Great Caesar.*

HERE's a Health to Queen *Anne*, Sir;

May she long live and reign, Sir;

May no Foes e'er offend her,

French Jacks, or Pretender.

Next, to *Hannover's* Glory,

Let us shun e'ery Tory:

And our loud Acclamation

Resound thro the Nation.

May *Perkin* ne'er be King;

May Rogues, who'd bring him in,

In Halts meet their Fate.

May Pimps and Bauds of State,

And Imps of *France* and *Rome*,

Meet with deserved Doom.

May *Nassau's* Glory spread,

And *Marlborough* the Dread

Of Tyrant *Lewis*, home

With double Honour come;

And rout the juggling Crew,

That would us all undo:

And *Britons* save their State

From its impending Fate.

Long live Queen Anne, Sir.

An Excellent New Song. To the Memorable Tune of Lillibullero.

1.
OH ! Brother Tom, do'st know the Intent,
Lillibullero Bullen a la,
 Why they prorogue the Parliament?
Lillibullero Bullen a la :
Lero, Lero, &c.

2.
 I think it is plain to be understood,
Lillibullero, &c.
 That by that same they mean us no good:
Lillibullero, &c.
Lero, Lero, &c.

3.
 For what can they mean who do not take care,
Lillibullero, &c.
 In time Preparations to make for the War?
Lillibullero, &c.
Lero, Lero, &c.

4.
 And how without Mony can we in the Spring,
Lillibullero, &c.
 Get early to *Flanders*, and drub the French King?
Lillibullero, &c.
Lero, Lero, &c.

5.
 Then is it not pity, when Marlb'ro so far is,
Lillibullero, &c.

To stop his Career, and not let him take *Paris*?

Lillibullero, &c.

Lero, Lero, &c.

6.

Now all these Delays come not from Town-takers,

Lillibullero, &c.

But Oh! what is worse, they come from Peace-makers.

Lillibullero, &c.

Lero, Lero, &c.

7.

If *Spain* and the *Indies* they yield unto *France*.

Lillibullero, &c.

Then we may go whistle, and eke also dance.

Lillibullero, &c.

Lero, Lero, &c.

8.

And then poor Old *England* must lose all her Trade,

Lillibullero, &c.

Whene'er such a scandalous Peace shall be made.

Lillibullero, &c.

Lero, Lero, &c.

9.

Oh lack and a day! I am ready to cry,

Lillibullero, &c.

To think how it favours of Popery.

Lillibullero, &c.

Lero, Lero, &c.

10.

'Tis not come to that already, I hope,

Lillibullero, &c.

Tho we might not burn the Pretender and Pope.

Lillibullero, &c.

Lero, Lero, &c.

†

11. There.

11.

Therefore let it be our particular Care,
Lillibullero, &c.

For *Spain* and the *Indies* to keep on the War.
Lillibullero, &c.

Lero, Lero, &c.

12.

Which if we do roundly, I cannot but think,
Lillibullero, &c.

John Marlbro at last will make *Lewis* stink.
Lillibullero, &c.

Lero, Lero, &c.

13.

So God bless the Queen, and the House of *Hannover*,
Lillibullero, &c.

And never may Pope or Pretender come over.
Lillibullero, &c.

Lero, Lero, &c.

*Plot upon Plot. To the Tune of, Hey
 Boys up go we.*

1.

O H wicked Whigs! what can you mean?

When will your Plotting cease
 Against our most Renowned Queen,
 Her Ministry, and Peace?

Your Protestant Succession's safe,
 As our Great Men agree;

Bourbon has *Spain*, the Tories laugh:
 Then Hey Boys up go we!

2.

Some of your *Machi'villian* Crew,

From heavy Roof of *Paul*,

Most trait'rously stole ev'ry Skrew,

To make that Fabrick fall :

And so to catch her Majesty,

And all her Friends beguile ;

As Birds are trapt, by Boys most fly,

In Pit-fall with a Tile.

3.

You for your Bonfires *Mawkins* dress'd

On Good Queen *Bess's* Day,

Whereby much Treason was express'd,

As all true Churchmen say,

Against the *Devil* and the *Pope*,

The *French* our new Ally,

And *Perkin* too, that Youth of Hope,

On whom we all rely.

4.

You sent your *Mohocks* next abroad,

With Razors arm'd and Knives ;

Who on Night-walkers made inroad,

And scar'd our Maids and Wives :

They scour'd the Watch, and Windows broke,

But 'twas their true Intent,

(As our wise Ministry did smoke)

T' o'erturn the Government.

5.

But now your last and blackest Deed,

What Mortal can rehearse ?

The Thought of't makes my Heart to bleed ;

Oh Muse, assist my Verse !

A Plot it was so deeply laid,
 So Diabolical,
 Had not the Secret been betray'd,
 In *one* 't had slain us all.

6.

Two * *Inkhorn-tops* you Whigs did fill
 With Gunpowder and Lead;
 Which, with two Serpents made of Quill,
 You in a Bandbox laid:
 A Tinder-Box there was beside,
 Which had a Trigger to't,
 To which the very String was ty'd
 That was design'd to do't.

7.

As Traitors spare nor Care nor Cost,
 These Crackers dire were sent
 To th' Treasurer, *per* Penny-Post,
 And safely so they went:
 And if my Lord had pull'd the Thred,
 Then up had blown the Train,
 And th' *Inkhorns* must have shot him dead,
 Or else have burst in twain.

8.

But Fortune spar'd that precious Life,
 And so sav'd *Church* and *Queen*:
 Good *Swift* was by, and had a Knife
 For *Corn* or *Pen* made keen;
 Stand off, my Lord! cry'd he, this Thred
 To cut I will not doubt.
 He cut, then ope'd the Bandbox Lid,
 And so the Plot came out.

* See *Abel's Evening Post* on this matter.

9.

To him was join'd a Noble Lord,
That has no Parallel,
To draw the Pen and eke the Sword,
Command as well as spell.

10.

Lord *Harry* then the Ocean cross'd,
Poor *Torcy* to confound ;
Which Journey has the *French* King cost
Full many a thousand Pound.

11.

Of Treaties many, some for Pelf,
These Men were Undertakers :
There's one may execute it self,
The others will their Makers.

12.

Lewis no more shall draw his Sword,
For solemnly he swore
With *Anne* he'd keep his Royal Word,
Which he ne'er kept before.

13.

The Barrier which he yields the *Dutch*,
Shall well defended be ;
And that they mayn't be troubled much,
Himself will keep the Key.

14.

They've settled well the Terms of Trade,
As 'twas in Sixty Four ;
And thankful we may be t' have made
So much, when they had *Moore*.

15.

And now they try'd by subtle Art,
 Being got into possession,
 To change the thing next the Queen's Heart,
 The Protestant Succession.

16.

Myſterious Ox——d therefore wou'd,
 From his profound Library,
 Prove no Right to the Crown is good,
 But Right Hereditary.

17.

To aſſert this Right, they did compound
 A noble *Folio* ;
 Some Noble Lords they likewise bound
 In *Duodecimo*.

18.

And now this Doctrine to ſupport,
 Who cou'd they think on fitter,
 For to defend in open Court,
 Than our Black Sir *Peter* ?

19.

What tho we took him for a Friend,
 We need not make a pother ;
 For who ſo proper to defend
 One *King*, as is another ?

20.

But now, as things to fall are known
 Between the Cup and Lip,
 Juſt ſo this Scheme was quite knock'd down
 By one unlucky Slip.

21.

For you must know, our Ministers,
 Who wou'd be thought so crafty,
 Are now together by the ears ;
 And thence proceeds our Safety.

22.

The *Examiner* can tell does cause
 Why they can never hit ;
 Or else, who e'er had dreamt it was
 'Cause some had too much Wit ?

23.

No matter tho how it came about,
 Or on what fatal Night ;
 But this I'm sure, when Knaves fall out,
 Good Men come by their Right.

24.

The Duke of *Kent*, God bless his Grace !
 Is going to *Hannover* ;
 And since things wear so good a face,
 Our Fears must needs be over.

25.

Now Stocks may rise, and all do well,
 No Mortal can deny-a
 But that the Crown's secur'd in Tail
 On Protestant *Sophia*.

26.

Let honest Men together stand,
 To hang this M——y ;
 And then we want, to save the Land,
 No other Guaranty.

To an Opera Tune.

I.

ALL the World's in Strife and Hurry,
 And the Lord knows when 'twill cease ;
 Some for Interest, some for Glory,
 Whilst the Talk runs all for Peace.
 Since the High-Church and the Low
 Make all our Discords grow ;
 And the Great, who sit at the Helm in doubt,
 Know not how soon they may turn out :
 How happy is he, who from Town
 And the Factions of the Fools is free ?
 Who for Love, and not By-ends,
 Serves his Country, and his Friends.
 He shall ever, in the Book of Fame,
 Fix with Honour a Glorious Name.

2.

He that was our Grand Purse-bearer,
 At his Levee no Crouds we see ;
 He that was our great Cause-Hearer,
 Now no longer makes Decree.
 And to show the growing Evil,
 And that Fortune is the Devil,
 The Hero leading our Armies abroad,
 Whom we late did celebrate like a God,
 Has not one to drink his Health,
 Unless a Friend put it about by Stealth.
 A Whig is in disgrace,
 And a Tory in his Place.

Riddles all, and something is amiss ;
 What a Whimsical World is this ?

*An Excellent New Ballad, call'd, Illustrious
 GEORGE shall come. To the Tune of,
 The King shall enjoy his own again.*

I.

THOUGH Britain on to Ruin runs,
 And all that's Faithful to her shuns ;
 Yet Providence, that's ever kind,
 Has still a Blessing left behind :
 Then Friends hearken well
 To what I shall tell,
 I'll do it altho Superiors frown ;
 Before many Years do end,
 The Times will amend,
And George at last shall wear the Crown.

2.

Let *Jacks* and *Tories* rave and rant
 About the Church, and such-like Cant ;
 Their Kings and Queens may idolize,
 And teach them how to tyrannize :
 But we our Property!
 Will maintain, and Liberty,
 And all shall still enjoy their own ;
 So may you plainly see
 How happy we shall be,
When George at last shall wear the Crown.

3.

Altho Addressees up were brought,
 And all were well receiv'd at Court ;
 In which, Hereditary Right
 They assert with all their Force and Might :
 Yet never despair,
 The time's drawing near,
 They all such Assertions will disown ;
 Tho the Court runs so high,
 Yet their Ruin is nigh,
 For George at last shall wear the Crown.

4.

'Tis true, our General's disgrac'd,
 And all our Ministry displac'd,
 Our Friends forsook, and Credit lost,
 And Spain, tho Millions it hath cost ;
 But our Great House of Lords
 Some hopes still affords,
 They'll Tory Measures tumble down ;
 And * Prophecies of old
 Have always foretold,
 That George at last shall wear the Crown.

* Nixon.

5.

Now R——n rules without controul,
 And makes the Commons but his Tool ;
 Yet his Attempts shall be in vain,
 For James the Third shall never reign :
 The Nation he betrays,
 For which France pays,
 But we his Treachery disown ;
 And shall live to see the Day,
 His Head shall for it pay,
 When George comes o'er to wear the Crown,

6. Tho

6.

Tho Fighting's grown quite out of date,
 And Peace is got at any rate,
 And *France* is become our High Ally,
 Which once was fam'd for Treachery :

O whither can it tend,
 To trust to such a Friend !
 'Tis proof they all are frantick grown.

They certainly mistake,
 Wrong Treaties now they make,
For George at last shall wear the Crown.

7.

Then let us all united be,
 And ever Friends to Liberty ;
 A chearful Glas will glad the Soul,
 To *George's* Health fill up the Bowl :

And may he ever be
 Bless'd with Prosperity,
 May Fortune on him never frown ;
 And let us ever pray
 For that Glorious Day,
When George the Great shall wear the Crown.

*The Country Squire's Ditty. A Ballad.
To the Tune of, To you, fair Ladies,
&c.*

1.

TO you, dear Topers, at the Court,
We Country Tories write :

We will no longer make you sport,
Nor with such Fools unite.

We are no Sheep for you to fleece,
Nor will be gull'd by such a Peace.

With a fa, la, la, la, la, la, la.

2.

The Duke of *Cambridge*, whom God bless,

Comes in the nick of time ;

And O——d ev'ry Day grows less

In Grandeur, not in Crime :

While others Ruin he debates,

His Head shall crown the City-Gates.

With a fa, la, &c.

3.

Or since his fav'rite *South-Sea* Trade,

He wou'd pretend to love ;

We'll thither send the wise Lord's Head,

Their Projects to improve :

And when he's once remov'd so far,

Who doubts the Stock will be at Par ?

With a fa, la, &c.

4. Friend

4.

Friend *Harry* next we would advance
 To some unlucky Hap ;
 I think we'll send him back to *France*,
 To get another Clap.
 And however bitter be the Pill,
 He'll take it if 'tis gilded well.
With a fa, la, &c.

5.

For *Ph——ps*, who has not Law nor Sense,
 But shew'd in *Dublin Town*,
 That there was *English Impudence*
 Far greater than their own :
 To the Wild *Irish* let him fly,
 And be one of their Ministry.
With a fa, la, &c.

6.

But let all Protestants combine
 Against a Bastard Race ;
 Bring in the *Hannoverian Line*,
 And slavish *Jacks* disgrace :
 And send the present M——y
 To sing out, *Hey Boys up go we !*
With a fa, la, &c.

A

*A New Song. To the Tune of,
Marlborough push 'em again.*

1.
WHO mounts the loftiest Dignities
By execrable Calumnies,
Prompts infernal Perjuries

Throughout our State of *Millan*;
Does promise what he ne'er intends,
Rescues our Foes, betrays our Friends :
Is, whatever he pretends,
A Fool, a Knave, a Villain.

2.
Who prompts his Prince to give out Lyes,
With Shams and Ambiguities,
By Bribery blinds the Peoples Eyes
Of our besotted *Millan*;
Our Debts who sinks into the Sea,
Plunders a wealthy Treasury :
Whate'er you say, he is to me
A Fool, a Knave, a Villain.

3.
Who blasts our numerous Victories,
And yields to Fugitives the Prize,
Together with the Liberties
And precious Trade of *Millan*;
Our Sacred Altars does expose,
To be o'erturn'd by faithless Foes :
Will prove, I'm certain, in the close,
A Fool, a Knave, a Villain.

4. Who

4.

Who breaks a Nation's Conqu'ring Sword,
And takes a perjur'd Tyrant's Word,
Union dissolves, and does discord

All Friendship throughout *Millan* :

Let little Souls, whom he prefers,
Exalt his Fame above the Stars,
To Men of Sense he still appears

A Fool, a Knave, a Villain.

5.

If perjur'd, leud, ambitious Priests
Turn sacred Myst'ries into Jests,
And into passive silly Beasts

The Free-born Men of *Millan* ;
Rebellion preach against the Prince,
To Tyranny Obedience :

He is, who grants them Preference,

A Fool, a Knave, a Villain.

6.

Who Traitors send, and Rebels back,
To trample on their Prince's Neck,
And yet pretends to pay Respect

Unto the Prince of *Millan* ;

Who Rebels, without sense of Shame,
Crowns with a regal Diadem,
Does to the World himself proclaim

A Fool, a Knave, a Villain.

7.

Let our Mob-Senate now address,
And as they please themselves express,
And call the Danger of Distress

The Happiness of *Millan* ;

Term little fordid Actions, great :
 Yet all who Treaty-Breakers hate,
 Will properly denominate
 A Fool, a Knave, a Villain.

8.

Tho some degenerate Lords should call
 A Separate Treaty General,
 The truly Great will stand or fall
 With our once *Glorious Millan* ;
 And let th' astonish'd World to know,
 They all disdain to stoop so low,
 And scorn the Puppets of the Show ;
 Thou Fool, thou Knave, thou Villain !

I.

GREAT *Marlborough's* quite forgot, Sir,
 His Health now no more goes round ;
 For the Toast that is drunk,
 By the Lady or the Punk,
 Is the Doctor in the Sable Gown :
Sachev——l, &c.

2.

Tom Scarlet's now turn'd out, Sir ;
Jack Tarr's quite out of favour :
 For *Celia* swears
 By the Petticoat she wears,
 That *Sachev——l* alone shall save her ;
 That *Sachev——l, &c.*

3. His

3.

His Picture's in every House, Sir,
 The like was never seen ;
 For the Ladies in their Hall,
 To make room for the Ball,
 Pull down that of our Gracious Queen,
 For *Sachev*——l, &c.

4.

His Picture's now pull'd down, Sir,
 That hung in every Room ;
 For *Mopsa* swears
 By the Petticoat she wears,
 She would rather live with the Groom,
 Than *Sachev*——l, &c.

*First Part. To the Tune of, Over the
 Hills and far away.*

1.

GRanadiers, now change your Song,
 And talk no more of Battels won ;
 No Victory shall grace us now,
 Since we have lost our *Marlborough*.

2.

You who have fought on *Blenheim's* Field,
 And forc'd the strongest Towns to yield ;
 Break all your Arms, and turn to plough,
 Since we have lost our *Marlborough*.

3. Where-

3.

Where-e'er we went, the Monfieurs fled,
 Spying that General at our Head;
 But 'tis their turn to bang us now,
 Since we have lost our *Marlborough*.

4.

Let other Backs that Drubbing take,
 Whose Hearts are of the new-Set Make;
 For ours can never to Bondage bow,
 Who conquer'd under *Marlborough*.

5.

Phil, Tom, and I, let's dangle home,
 We've nought to lose, let who will come;
 And since Whig-Credit runs so low,
 We'll tope off a Pot to *Marlborough*.

6.

Here's to his Health, fill a Bumper round,
 His Enemies pray God confound;
 And ever reckon him *England's* Foe,
 Who voted out our *Marlborough*.

Second Part.

1.

GRanadiers, now change your Song,
 Sing no more of Battels won:
 But break your Swords, and go to plough,
 Since you have lost your *Marlborough*.
Sing over the Hills and far away.

2. Let

2.

Let *Denain* sing of O——d's Fame,
 Let Villains sing their Ox——d's Name;
 But we, our Honour still to show,
 Will sing the Praise of *Marlborough*.

Sing over the Hills, &c.

3.

When you think of *Blenheim's* Field,
 Where you made the *Frenchmen* yield;
 Then your Gratitude to show,
 Drink a Health to *Marlborough*.

Sing over the Hills, &c.

A New Ballad.

1.

NOW, now comes on the Tories Year,
Frenchmen have Hopes and Britons Fear;
Perkin intends to govern here,
 And be our Faith's Defender.

For *France* is become our good Ally,
 Th' Emperor too and the *Dutch* must fly,
 Unless they will bow to our M——y,
 And *Flanders* and *Spain* surrender.

2.

A Health to our Gen'ral then begin,
 Who left in the lurch the Brave *Eugene*;
 With him let Ox——d too come in,
 Who wrought about this Wonder.

Let

Let *B————ks*'s Duke next to him take place,
 And *B————ke* with his handsom Face,
 Whose Courage and Wit are of a piece,
 To make the Whigs knock under.

3.

Let *Prior* and *Swift* now receive their Due,
 And *Gautier* their Protestant Blue,
 And all the rest of the High-Church Crew,
 That are against *Hannover*.

With Hands and with Hearts, let us all now join
 Against the Whigs and their Cause combin'd,
 Until we have settled Right Divine
 Upon our own *Come-over*.

King Edward's Ghost : or, The King and the Cobler.

1.

I'L L tell you a Story, a Story most merry,
 Tho not of the Abbot of *Canterbury* ;
 But 'tis of King *Edward* of high Renown,
 How his Ghost has appear'd at fair *Windſor Town*.
Derry Down, &c.

2.

But what I have ſaid, is ſaid without heed,
 As often we make more haſte than good ſpeed :
 For though I ſaid merry, the Ghost of a King
 (Pray God bleſs the Queen !) is a very ſad thing.

Derry Down, &c.

3. Upon

3.

Upon a fair Day, in Summer I trow,
At *Windſor* there was a very fine Show;
Six Nobles, all clad in gallant Attire,
March'd out of the Castle up into the Choir,

Derry Down, &c.

4.

But firſt it is meet that I ſhould unfold,
As brief as I can, what old Stories have told
Of *Edward*, this Monarch of very great Fame;
The Man whom I mean, was the Third of the Name.

Derry Down, &c.

5.

This *Edward*, in Armies, was famous for Proweſs,
Far greater and bolder than any one now is:
Two Kings at one time, his Priſoners he got,
The Tyrant of *France*, and eke the falſe *Scot*.

Derry Down, &c.

6.

Moreover, his Army did lead ſuch a Dance,
With the Help of his Hand, that he conquer'd half *France*;
And if any doubts theſe things have not been,
His Sword, in the *Abbey*, is ſtill to be ſeen.

Derry Down, &c.

7.

O *Lewis*! O *Lewis*! 'tis happy for thee,
This *Edward* don't live, thy Pride for to ſee:
Had thy Grandſon laid hands on *India* or *Spain*,
He, or the *Black Prince*, wou'd ha' ta'en 'em again.

Derry Down, &c.

8.

For all men of Valour, his Love it was such,
That nothing he thought for a Warrior too much;
And therefore an Order for those did erect,
Who their King or their Country could bravely protect.

Derry Down, &c.

9.

Such Heroes as these King *Edward* did deck
With a Collar of S'S, which hung round their Neck;
And also they wore, to shew their Exploits,
On their Breast, a great Star, on their Legs, *Honi soit.*

Derry Down, &c.

10.

So, as I was saying, six Nobles indeed,
March'd round *Windfor*-Castle in this very Weed;
When all on a sudden, this Sight for to spy,
The Ghost of King *Edward* it came stalking by.

Derry Down, &c.

11.

These Men, I presume, quoth the King in a Trance,
Have help'd to pull down the Tyrant of *France*.
Tush! Tush! quoth the Cobler, who had taken a Cup,
No, these are the Folks who have just set him up.

Derry Down, &c.

12.

Thou ly'st, quoth the King, there's two innocent,
Then cast he his Eyes on B——t and K——t:
As for t'other Four, their Names you may spare,
They're Rogues, but they look like worse Rogues than
they are.

Derry Down, &c.

13. If

If these are the things my Order must wear,
Dear Cobler, I wish I had been what you are.

'Tis a Farce, quoth the Cobler, would make a Man laugh :
Quoth the King, they're all Scoundrels ; and so he stalk'd off.

Derry Down, &c.

*An Excellent New Ballad, giving a full
and true Relation how a Noble Lord was
robb'd of his Birth-Day Clothes ; and
how the same afterwards appear'd, and
were burn'd on the Pretender's own Back
at Charing-Cross, February 6. 1713.
To the Tune of, To you, fair Ladies,
now at Land, &c.*

1.

YE Weavers all of *Spittle-Fields*,
And you of *Canterbury*,

Draw near, my pleasant Ditty yields
Occasion to be merry :

Trade shall revive, your Silks advance,
In spite of *Perkin*, and of *France*.

With a fa, la, la, la, &c.

Trade shall revive, &c.

2.

Ye *Mercers* too of *Ludgate-Hill*,
And *Covent-Garden Square*,

Till Trading mends, your Shops to fill
Employ at least an Ear :

I sing what Judgments do pursue
Those who prefer the *French* to you.

3.

A Story strange I shall relate,
Known well in Town and Court;
A dapper Lord was bilk'd of late,
And made the Rabble's Sport:

Who, sily plotting *England's* Hurt,
Was justly stript to his very Shirt.

4.

A Lord of Trade, of Stature low,
Brother to *A——r M——r*,
Laid a Design to overthrow
Your Looms, and starve the Poor:
Running rich Silks from Foreign Parts,
To break your Fabriques, and your Hearts.

5.

His Dearest, who abroad was gone,
And knew right well his Measure,
Fitted his Clothes in *Paris* Town,
To do the Queen a pleasure:

Deck'd him in Velvets and Brocades,
To make him shine among the Maids.

6.

But mark me, how this Trick did fail,

Tho deep the Plot was laid;

May never wicked Cheats prevail,

To steal the Workman's Bread!

A Searcher caught them in the Fact,

Before they could repeal the Act.

7. The

7.

The fine blue Coat, and gorgeous Vest,

Were seiz'd in *Dover* Port,

And happily put in Arrest,

Just going to the Court:

At which, my Lord did storm and rant,

And *Gautier* join'd in the Complaint.

8.

He urg'd, the Treaty should stand good

With those who knew and made it;

And tho by some not understood,

No Statesman should evade it:

If such should set it at defiance,

There was an end of the Alliance.

9.

These dreadful Threats did well avail;

For Orders straight flew down,

They should admit the Suit to Bail,

And bring it up to Town,

To give Appearance at the *Vine*,

Where Friends to *France* do often dine.

10.

The Searcher and the Taylor there

Did lovingly compound;

And while with Mirth, and jolly Cheer,

The choicest Healths went round,

Tom Smith, the Taylor, waxing drunk,

Forgot, as you shall hear, the Trunk.

11.

My Lord impatiently did wait

Long in *St. Albans* Street,

And stood on tiptoes at the Gate,

The foreign Robes to meet:

When leaping out in haste, to pifs,
Tom did the precious Cargo miss.

12.

Whether some Whig, or starving Weaver,
 Did play Monsieur these Pranks;
 You ought to bless their kind Endeavour,
 And give them hearty Thanks:

Laud too the Youths, and *Jenny Man*,
 Who strive to help you all they can.

13.

To *Newgate* straight, to learn his Fate,
 His Honour drove apace;
 And to the Masters of the Gate
 Did sadly tell his Case:

Like Brothers they receiv'd my Lord,
 But said, 'Twas not before their Board.

14.

Then in *Crow-Alley*, to advise,
 Down three Steps walk'd the Peer;
 Consulting, slyly in disguise,
 That grave and antient Seer:

The Sage abruptly spoke in Tropes,
 And mutter'd——*Charing-Cross*——and *Popes*.

15.

Now mind the End, most strange of all:

This Coat, which Magick Art
 Could never conjure to the Ball,
 Came freely to a Cart;

For in the Pope's fam'd Cavalcade,
 Young *Perkin* shone in this Brocade.

The Taylor saw it pass along,
 And, in his Lordship's Name,
 Demanded it amidst the Throng,
 They shouted at his Claim;
 And did into the Bonfire fling
 His Lordship's Coat, his Lordship's King.

To the Tune of, Old Sir Simon the King.

1.

LE T's sing in the praise of *French Wine*,
 Which works such Wonders of late;
 Together with Brocades so fine,
 As to put a new Face o' the State.

2.

King *Lewis* is a good-humour'd Man,
 O Lord who can it deny?
 Since he sends such good Wine to Q. A——,
 Lest her M——y should be a-dry,

3.

Lest her M——y shou'd be a-dry,
 And her Servants too, I suppose;
 There's a good reason for it, for why
 Pray look on the Tr——r's Nose.

4.

On the Tr——r's Nose, good lack!
 Pray look on the Club of *October*,
 Where of Noses among the whole Pack,
 You'll see few who look quite so sober.

5.

For such Virtue this Liquor has got,
 That when once it is set upon Table,
 'Twill make a Man look like a Sot,
 But act like a Statesman most able.

6.

Most Tipple will make Folks jar,
 But this works clean the contrary ;
 It will soon put an end to a War,
 And for Peace, loving Peace will prepare ye.

7.

This is such Pacifical Liquor,
 'Twill turn a Red Flag into White ;
 'Twill make a plain Man of a Tricker,
 Make Col'nels and Captains go sh—e.

8.

Make Col'nels and Captains go sh—e,
 And Generals too decline :
 For why shou'd we ever go fight
 With a Friend that sends us good Wine ?

9.

Then fill up a Bumper, my Friends,
 Ingratitude is a Sin ;
 Here's a Peace to Old *Lewis le Grand*,
 And a Health to *Monfieur le Vin*.

I.

AT the Bottom of the Chamber-Pot
 The Doctor's Picture's plac'd,
 Where in Corners they affront him,
 And piss upon his Face;
When a pissing they do go, &c.

2.

The Whiggish Ladies they
 Have shown their cunning Art,
 By placing him to see
 Their Non-Resisting Part,
When, &c.

3.

If this be Whiggish Modesty,
 I'll leave it to the Town;
 To rail against the Doctor,
 And piss upon the Gown.
When, &c.

4.

They are rampant in Resistance,
 And passive in Obedience;
 Altho their Hearts do hate him,
 Their Parts pay him Allegiance:
When, &c.

5.

They rail against the Doctor
 With Fury and Disdain;
 They drink to piss, and piss to drink,
 And drink to piss again.
When, &c.

HERE'S

H E R E's a Health to the Queen,
 Queen *Anne*, I do mean ;
 The Brave Duke of *Marlborough* and Prince *Eugene* ;
 Lay your Lips to the Glass, and your Knees to the Ground :
 And so merrily, so merrily the Health goes round ;
 Round, round, and so merrily, so merrily, &c.

*Nothing but Truth. A Ballad. To the
 Tune of, A Beggar of all Trades is
 the best.*

1.

T H E R E was once a Glorious Q——,
 That fill'd G—— B——n's Throne ;
 She fought for all her good Allies,
 And to preserve her own :

*When a Fighting we did go, did go, did go ;
 When a Fighting we did go.*

2.

She had a certain General
 That almost conquee'd *France*,
 Both lov'd at home and fear'd abroad,
 Where-e'er he did advance :
There a Conquering we do go, &c.

3.

At *Blenheim*, on the *Danube*,
 He did the Empire save ;
 And at *Ramillies*, each Briton
 From being made a Slave :

When to Paris we did go, &c.

4.

This Q——, when she had saved thus
 All *Europe* from its Fate,
 She thought that she must save *France* too,
 And thought 'twas not too late :
For to U-trick we did go, &c.

5.

We still had beat the F——h so,
 The Q—— most wisely thought,
 They were not worth the conquering,
 If they were not worth a Groat :
So to U-trick we did go, &c.

6.

To raise then a new Conquest
 Fit for her Arms and Fame,
 Whate'er she'ad won of *France*,
 She gave them up the same :
When to U-trick we did go, &c.

7.

Let no one e'er reproach her,
 That Honour or that Gain
 Invited her to Battel,
 For there she gave up *Spain* :
When to U-trick we did go, &c.

8.

She gave up all in *Europe*
 For Castles in the Air ;
 G—— B—— for the S—— S——,
 And we may all go there ;
If a Trading we will go, &c.

9.

She gave up all her Honour,
 Her Treaties, and her Word,
 In quitting of her Allies,
 And Charles, for J—— the Third:
And to Lorain we may go, &c.

10.

What strange Contradiction
 We of late have seen,
 A Conquering, and a Glorious,
 And yet a Losing Q—— !
When to U-trick she did go, &c.

11.

K—— J—— my fights for E——d,
 Q—— A—— did fight for F——ce;
 And he that at St. James's
 His Interest would advance,
To Paris straight must go, &c.

12.

Now who can sing her Praises
 For all her Pity shown ?
 If Ch——s should lose the Empire,
 And J—— should have his own,
Then a Whistling we may go, &c.

13.

If F——ce should take away our Trade,
 And J—— should take our Crown,
 And Popery come in, to pull
 Our Church of England down;
Then to Paris we may go, &c.

14. But

14.

But these are all but Follies,
 Deviz'd by *Whiggish* Men;
 For when our Trade, and all is gone,
 We a'nt worth taking then:
For a Begging we shall go, &c.

15.

Then God bless our Wise Ministers,
 Who give up all our Trade,
 That of F—— and the Pretender
 We may not be afraid;
Since a Starving we may go, &c.

16.

To keep out *Rome* and Popery
 Is easy, if we will;
 But acting for its Interest,
 We may be Churchmen still:
And with Tories we may go, &c.

17.

Then God bless our Wise Ministers,
 Who have found out the Art
 Of cheating them with Fancies,
 But hate them in their Heart:
Then with Tories we may go, &c.

18.

Go on then with your Finesses,
 You Men of B——ish Isle;
 To save your sinking Church and State,
 Make neither worth your while:

'Tis no matter where we go, we go, we go;

'Tis no matter where we go, &c.

On

On Guiscard's Stabbing Robin.

I.

Attend good People, give an ear,
 Listen a while and you shall hear
 What strange Account *Guiscard's* Affair
 Will make in future Story :
 How he was taken up and try'd,
 And how he all the Facts deny'd ;
 How he was wounded, how he dy'd ;
 To *Britain's* endless Glory.

2.

If Fame be not mistaken, he
 Taking a turn, one, two or three,
 By order of the Ministry,
 Was seized in the Park, Sir ;
 And thence convey'd to a Room of State,
 Where Privy Counsellors debate
 The Grand Affairs of Church and State,
 As some make their Remark, Sir.

3.

Young *Cato* first a Letter shows
 Of Correspondence with our Foes,
 Which by Experience he well knows
 Will no small Profit bring, Sir :
 In this the Proverb true we see,
 Two of a Trade can ne'er agree,
 For *Guiscard* was no more than he
 A Spy to the *French* King, Sir.

4. The

4.

The Abbot saw himself betray'd
By those who all the Scheme had laid,
Whose Tool he all along was made,

To serve young *Perkin's* Ends, Sir :

And therefore boldly out he drew
A Knife, whose Metal prov'd untrue,
And at good *Robin's* Breast he flew,

Resolv'd to fall with Friends, Sir.

5.

As soon as the noble *Ha—y* found
The Knife in his Breast had made a Wound,
The Council did to Battel sound

Like Claps of Summer's Thunder :

Chairs and Standish, Ink and Pen,
To fly about the Room were seen,
But valiant *St. J—n* he stept in,

And made the Count knock under.

6.

In the Article of Danger he
Was so compos'd, that all agree,
For Presence of Mind and Bravery,

He could be out-done by no Man :

And by the Greatness of his Soul,
Which did the Passion of Fear controul,
And kept his Spirit sound and whole,

He sure must be a *Roman*.

7.

A Noble and a Valiant Peer,
Prompted by Reason more than Fear,
Thought fit some time to disappear

Under the Council-Board, Sir ;

And

And Reason for his Elopement gave,
That sure no Person that was Brave,
A Hand in such a Fray could have,
Or draw his rusty Sword, Sir.

8.

Another Duke, to see fair play,
Which he had never done, some say,
Thought it the most convenient way

To mount upon the Table:
And when their Safeties he had seen,
Put up your Swords, cry'd, Gentlemen;
For what can one Man do to ten?
To hurt you he's not able.

9.

And now, my Friends, I should do wrong,
Could I forget in this my Song
To tell t' which side he did belong,

Before I end my Story.
Some say he was a Whig, but I,
By's being bred in Popery,
And being call'd Monsieur L'Abbé,
Declare him a rank Tory.

An

*An Excellent New Song, call'd, The full
Tryal and Condemnation of John Duke
of Marlborough.*

1.

I Now have an Ambition,
In this great time of News,
To tell you the Deposition
Of the *Christians*, not the *Jews*,
Against John Duke of Marlborough.

2.

Give ear then, Sons of Britain,
Of greater Crimes I sing,
Than ever before were writ on,
Since the time of a Queen or a King ;
All done by John Duke, &c.

3.

This Man by Constitution
Was made for Liberty ;
He help'd the late Revolution,
On purpose to hurt Popery :
Did this John Duke, &c.

4.

The next great Crime of many,
His troublesom Pride to shew,
Was marching to *High Germany* ;
And who gave 'em that damnable Blow,
But this John Duke, &c.

5.

And more to mend the matter,
To his shame and reproach,

M

An

An Army he made take Water,
And their General sent by Coach :

All prov'd on John Duke, &c.

6.

To shew his Whig-Devotion

In keeping the Sabbath-Day,

He the Murder at hateful *Ramelly* began

Upon a *Whitsunday* :

O Heathen John Duke, &c.

7.

Tho busy in his Slaughtering,

His Avarice ran so high,

That rather than spare the most Christian King,

He Ten Thousand Pounds gave to a Spy :

O Covetous John Duke, &c.

8.

At *Audenarde* so ill to treat Foes,

And make poor Widows of Wives,

He took a delight to beat those,

That never beat him in their lives,

O Cowardly John Duke, &c.

9.

Boufflers, a civil good Man,

Safe in his Trenches close,

From *Mons* he made run like a Footman,

Tho bulwark'd as high as his Nose.

Uncivil John Duke, &c.

10.

To every tender Christian Ear,

When Crimes like these shall come ;

I know not how they may abroad appear,

I'm sure they found oddly at home :

These Deeds of John Duke, &c.

11.

Some Facts to make the *French* undone,
 I've prov'd upon him well ;
 And truly what 'tis he has not done,
 Impossible 'tis to tell,
Of this John Duke, &c.

12.

To prove that all these things are so,
 And not what Folks devise,
 Was he ever the Man that once spared the Foe,
 Or ever affronted the Allies ?
This same John Duke, &c.

13.

Ghent, Bruges, and Tournay too,
 And late the strong *Bouchain*,
 Of his own head he forc'd to obey too,
 Tho wanting his Brother *Eugene* :
Hot-headed John Duke, &c.

14.

Of these immoral things he brags,
 'Cause we take no notice at all ;
 You see with his pitiful *French* bloody Rags,
 How he's litter'd poor *Westminster-Hall*.
O slovenly John Duke, &c.

15.

Nay, more he still would fly at,
 And all to mend the Peace :
 Lord ! how can we ever be quiet,
 If we pardon such Crimes as these,
In any but John Duke, &c.

Twelve Years, it sadly true is,
 By taking Towns and Lines,
 And baffling the poor King Lewis,
 He has spoil'd the Pretender's Designs.
O Meddlesome John Duke, &c.

Success still made him bolder,
 And by the Monsieus Fall,
 He has pass'd on this Isle for a Soldier,
 But it seems he knows nothing at all :
Earl P——t says so of Marlbro.

This Year for War he voted,
 But we resolv'd on none ;
 For Monsieur was sure to be routed,
 And then High-Church had been undone,
By English John Duke, &c.

You see the Troops don't need him,
 He's out, and in France they laugh ;
 And send any other to head 'em,
 And I'll warrant old Bourbon is safe :
Keep back but John Duke, &c.

For he, as Fame confesses,
 That Kingdom meant to devour ;
 For which, and his heinous Successes,
 He's broke, and our Fears are all o'er.
Thus fell John Duke of Marlbro.

1
The Year in which the
War was begun, and the
first of the great battles
was fought, the year of the
first of the great battles.

2
The Year in which the
War was begun, and the
first of the great battles
was fought, the year of the
first of the great battles.

3
The Year in which the
War was begun, and the
first of the great battles
was fought, the year of the
first of the great battles.

4
The Year in which the
War was begun, and the
first of the great battles
was fought, the year of the
first of the great battles.

A pill to purge State Melancholy

London 1715

P.o.angl. 280

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